

No.
128
July
'69

MAD

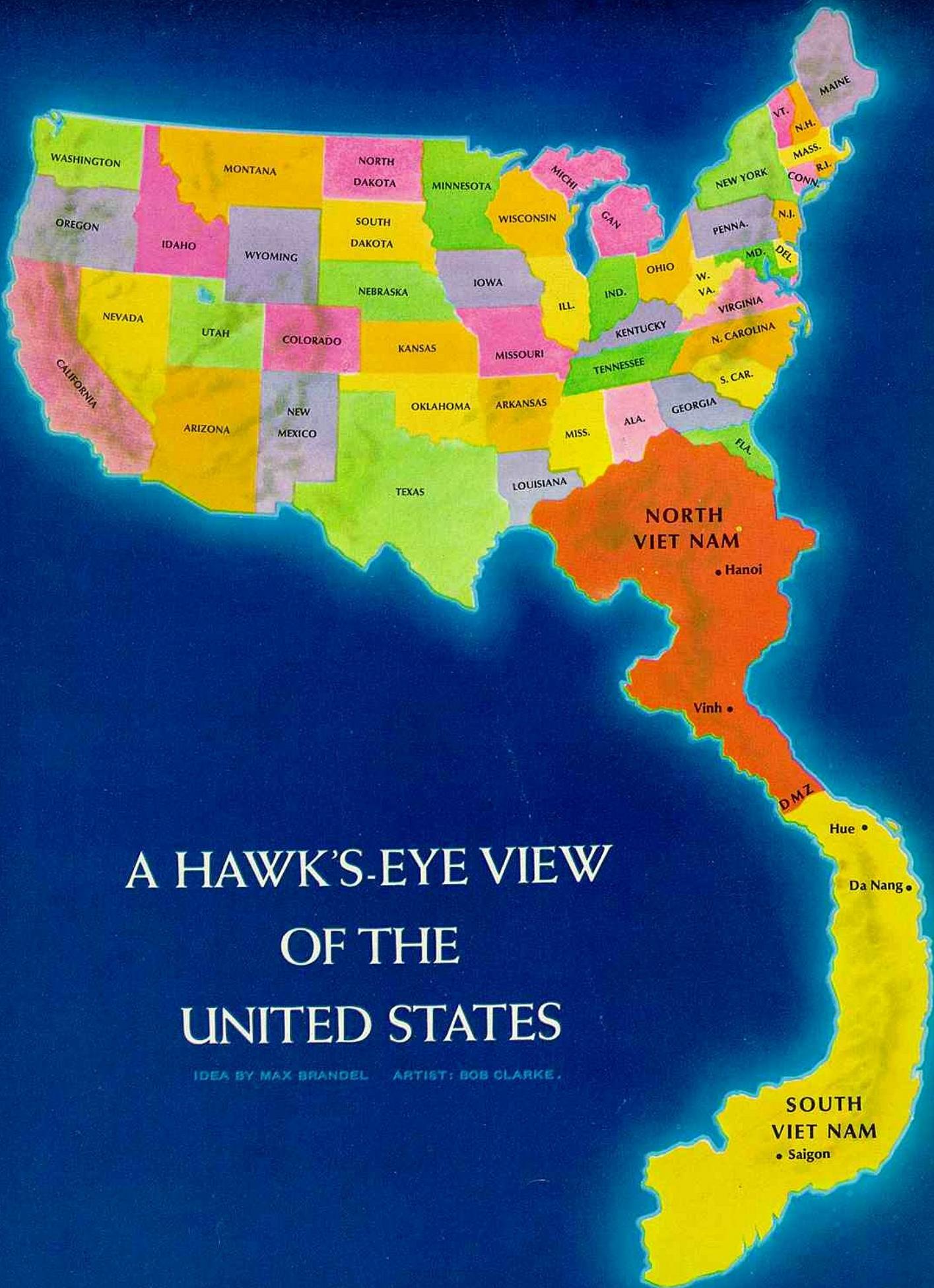
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A HAWK'S-EYE VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES

IDEA BY MAX BRANDEL

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE.

NUMBER 128

JULY 1969

MAD

"Mini-skirts are getting so short these days, there's probably more cotton in the top of a bottle of aspirin!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*

JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*

GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,
CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

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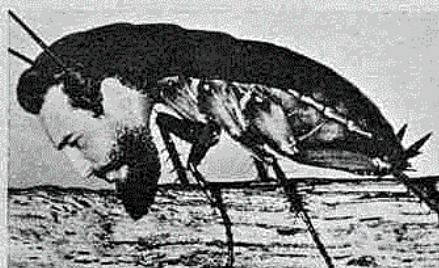
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VITAL FEATURES

THE
GURU
OF
OURS
Pg. 4



We're glad we dug the Guru
That greedy old Guru of ours.



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NATURE
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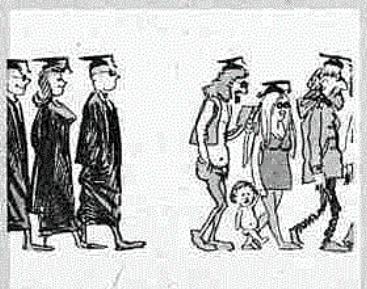
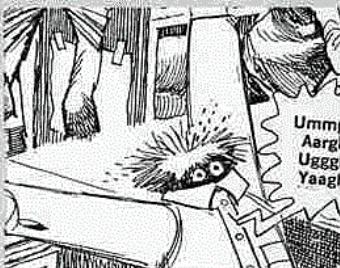
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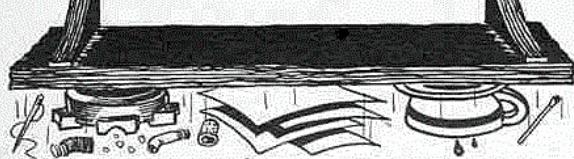


A PEEK BEHIND
THE SCENES AT
A LAUNDRY &
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A MAD LOOK
AT TWO
COLLEGE
GENERATIONS
Pg.

MAKE A FOOL OF YOUR SHELF!



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LETTERS DEPT.



"WHO NEEDS YOU" COVER

To paraphrase your latest cover (#126), "Who Needs MAD Magazine?!"

Robert Zych
Champaign, Ill.

A MAD LOOK AT FRUSTRATION

Your article entitled "A MAD Look At Frustration" was hilarious. At the same time it was frustrating. There wasn't enough of it!

Steve Levine
Whitestone, N.Y.

My congrats to Jack Kent and Paul Coker for "A MAD Look At Frustration". Your whole mag blows my mind, but this article was too much. Except that Jack forgot the most frustrating thing of all . . . mainly not being able to fold the "MAD Fold-In" accurately!

George Winship
Spokane, Wash.

FOOTBALL LOWLIGHTS

"Football Lowlights" was really great! It scores an extra point for MAD!

Tom Stanton
Tehran, Iran

BEHIND THE SCENES AT AN AIRPORT

Your "Peek Behind The Scenes At An Airport" was a truly great piece of work. Ironically enough, everything in it was true!

Kathleen Dornburgh
Glen Ridge, N.J.

Somebody goofed! In your introduction to "A MAD Peek Behind The Scenes At An Airport", you said it was the fourth installment. It's only your third! Now, how about "A MAD Peek Behind The Scenes At MAD Magazine"?

Paul Menes
Los Angeles, Calif.

MAD TEACHING AID

Just thought I'd let you know that I am an English teacher and along with Rod McKuen and Judy Collins records, I use MAD in my teaching. Nothing illustrates satire, understatement, hyperbole, rhyme scheme (scream), pun, etc. better. Thanks for the teaching aid.

J. P. Luby
Benton, Miss.

FAMILIAR AFFAIR

Well, Mort Drucker and Stan Hart did it again with "Familiar Affair" (#126). I almost fell out of my tree laughing! Gidget Goransson Lambertville, Mich.

I would like to pat you warmly on the back for turning a disgusting, nauseating Television program such as "Family Affair" into a thoroughly enjoyable, laughable satire like "Familiar Affair"! Mort Drucker's art was sensational.

Natalie Callander
Groton, Mass.

"Familiar Affair" was unique for MAD. It really stunk. Creating such an atrocity is an "UNfamiliar Affair" for you guys. Better luck next time.

Perry G. Brown
Bronx, N.Y.

You've done it again! You've taken something as sweet and pure and innocent and lovable and warm and humble and . . . SICKENING as "Family Affair", and you've knocked it! That's UN-AMERICAN! My compliments to Stan Hart and Mort Drucker.

Dave Cohen
Highland Park, N.J.

In my neighborhood, video tapes of "Family Affair" are chopped up and used as a non-coloric sugar substitute. My congratulations to MAD for showing us the validity of our actions.

E. J. Martin
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Your "Familiar Affair" was a familiar failure!

Richard Rubenstein
Pompton Plains, N.J.

Congratulations on taking another big step forward toward the elimination of dumb TV Shows! Long live MAD!

Bruce Jacobs
Rochester, N.Y.

YOU'RE IN TROUBLE WHEN THEY SMILE

You're in trouble whenever you buy MAD . . . because Alfred E. Neuman is always smiling at you.

John Lavet
Los Angeles, Calif.

You're in trouble when the Newsstand Dealer smiles at you after you've bought MAD . . . because he knows you just wasted thirty-five cents on garbage.

Ronnie Gardner
Brooklyn, N.Y.

You're in trouble if you smiled at "You're In Trouble . . . When They Smile" because "You're In Trouble . . . When They Smile" was a rotten article.

Bob Levin
St. Paul, Minn.

HUGH VS. HELEN

"A MAD Look at Hugh vs. Helen" was very urbane, clever, and showed those two characters up for what they really are—a couple of major influences in making our "Sick Society" what it is.

Sally Morrison
West Hartford, Conn.

I feel absolutely ENSHRINED!

Helen Gurley Brown
New York, New York

DRAWN-OUT DRAMAS

I think that Sergio Aragones's "Drawn-Out Dramas" are the best things in your magazine. I laugh so much at these little marginal cartoons that I never get around to reading the rest of the magazine.

E. Meyers
Winnetka, Ill.

A TYPICAL SUCCESS STORY

I strongly resent your derogatory references to the bassoon in your "Typical Success Story Of The Past". As the second bassoonist in the Taylor-Allardice High School Band, I have already given the bassoon a bad enough name. And there was no need to say that a bassoonist requires a big mouth. The students at Taylor-Allardice High School have already discovered that fact.

Steven M. Segal
2nd Bassoonist
Taylor-Allardice H.S.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE BEAT GENERATION

I must commend you on your back cover to issue #126, "The Beat Generation". It certainly points up the resentments most people, including the police, have for anyone with long hair and sandals.

Kenneth Glickman
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I think MAD's back cover was totally uncalled for and completely inexcusable. Anyone silly enough to wear long hair and funny clothes deserves to be put down by the police or anybody else that cares what our great country is coming to.

Phillip Stevens
Easthampton, Mass.

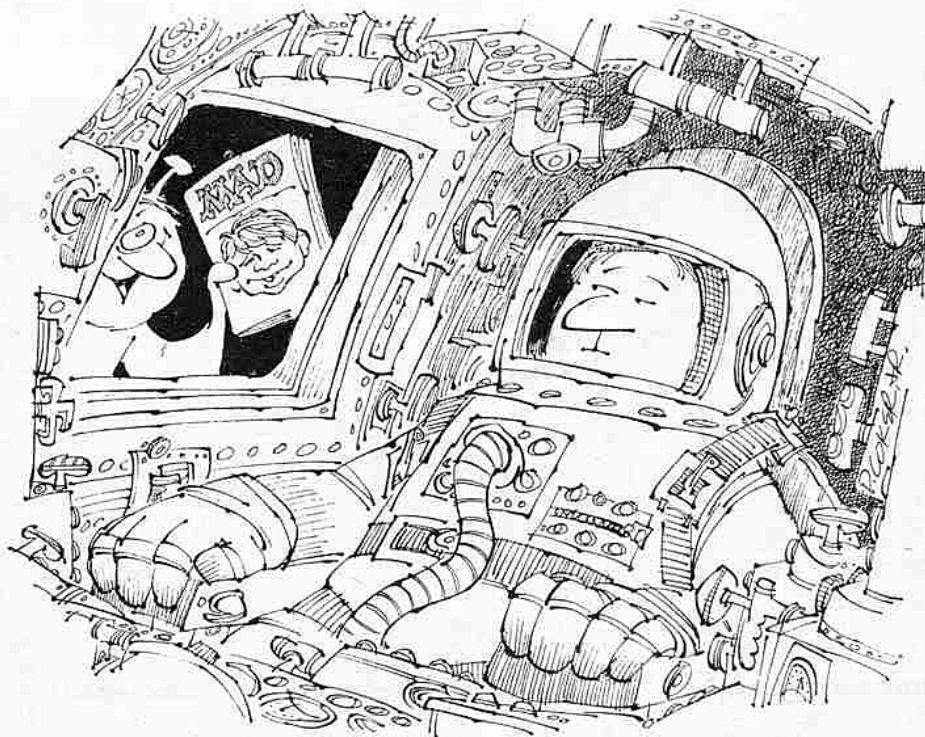
WHERE THERE'S SMOKE . . .

I would like to congratulate MAD for its lonely literary crusade against the evils of tobacco. Thanks to you guys, today's youth no longer feels inclined to experiment with nicotine and tars the way I did. Instead, they're consoling themselves by smoking "pot"! You've done a great job!

Benedict W. Boujgewski MM3
USS Enterprise CVA (N) 65
FPO San Francisco

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6%
INTEREST

Yes, it looks like only about 6% of our readers are interested in owning full-color portraits of MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid, Alfred E. Neuman...suitable for framing, or training puppies. The other 94%, it seems, would prefer to keep their money in the bank, (where it earns 5% interest!) instead of mailing in 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9 or \$2.00 for 27 to MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, New York 10022



POT AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW DEPT.

Every year, "The Wizard Of Oz" is shown on television, and every year, millions of viewers are enchanted by the story of a teenage girl who loses touch with reality, takes a wild trip and meets a lot of way-out characters. In 1939, when the movie was made, it was called a "fantasy". Today . . . it would be real. And so, with many apologies to the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodsman and the Cowardly Lion, MAD presents an up-dated version of "The Wizard Of Oz" . . . namely:



THE

Dorothy, you're a disgrace! Last week, we caught you smoking bananas behind the barn! Yesterday, you tried to organize a "Love-In" at the 4-H Club! And today, you and the hired hands sang Anti-Establishment songs and burned down the outhouse! Your uncle was furious!

Furious?
Why?

Because he
was inside
at the time!

What's the matter with you?
Why can't you be a normal,
healthy, wholesome Kansas
farm girl like Judy Garland
was in "The Wizard of Oz"?

Cut the corn, Aunt Em! That was thirty
years ago! In this musical, I represent
the typical teenager of today! And if I
had the bus fare, I'd blow this hick
joint in two minutes! Now beat it, you
old Biddy, so I can sing my big solo!





GURU OF OURS

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

*Some... day...
With an insane glow,
I'll get high...
And I'll freak out until my
Brain starts to petrify!

Some... day...
With an insane glow,
I'll turn on...
And the trip I'll be taking
Will mean my mind is gone!

Some day I hope that I'll be hooked
On something better than a cooked
Banana!
I'll tune in on that "Mystic" bit
And groove it till at last I hit
My own... Nir-van-a!

Some... day...
With an insane glow,
I will fly!
Cool chicks have an insane glow—
Why, then, oh, why can't I?

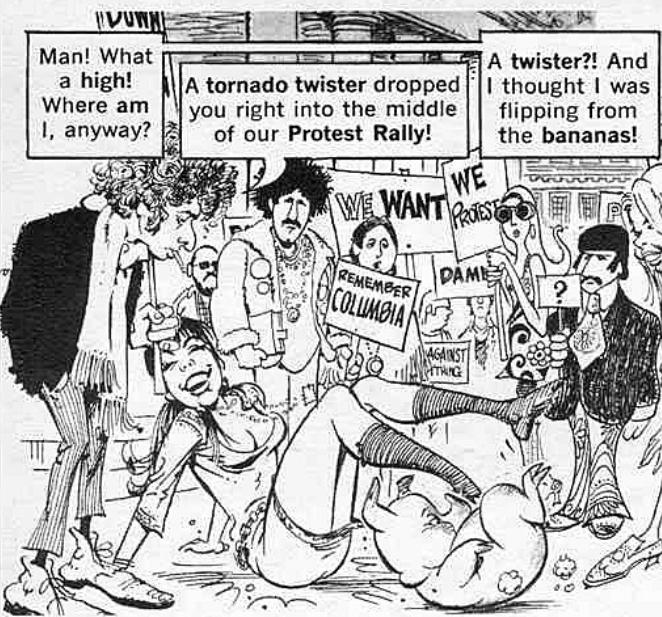


What's happening, Toto? I must be
zonked! It feels as though the whole
house is being lifted off the ground!

And now we're being carried up into
the sky, and we're spinning through
the air at, like, 500 miles an hour!

And now we're dropping! We're
plummeting back to earth again!





* You're off to dig the Guru—
The glorious Guru of ours!
The thing he's got
Is better than pot
And full of fantastic powers!

If you want to spin like a U.F.O.
The Guru of ours will make it so—
We know, we know, we know,
we know, we KNOW—
Until your furshlugginer
mind you blow!
• (Beedle-de-bobble-de-boo!)
You're off to dig the Guru—
That glorious Guru of ours!



* Sung to the tune of "We're Off To See The Wizard"

Good grief!
You are
thoroughly
"square"!

Yeah (choke)!
I know! That's
been my trouble
my whole life . . .

* At a Howard Johnson's, eating,
You'll find me there, repeating
Those jokes no one can bear;
At tall buildings I'm gaping
'Cause there just ain't no escaping
That I'm nothing but a Square!

At conventions, by the hour,
I squirt my water-flower
Like a Legionnaire;
I'm a sure-fire sensation
With my Bert Parks imitation—
'Cause I'm nothing but a Square!

When I . . .
Go out to buy,
I really have a ball!
I choose my Spring
wardrobe in the Fall,
When there's a sale . . .
At Robert Hall!

All my ties say, "Kiss Me, Honey!"
I bought them with good money.
While seeing the World's Fair—
In the dark, they are glowing;
It's another way of showing
That I'm nothing but a square!

* Sung to the tune of "I Only Had A Brain"

You see,
it's hope-
less! You
can't fight
City Hall!
I'm a total
Square

Don't say that! I'm going
to Underground City to dig
the Guru! Why not come
along? Maybe he can change
you so you won't be a
Square any more!

Sounds swell,
honey! Just
let me pull
up my orange
argyles, and—

We're off to dig the Guru—

Golly, this is
certainly a
long street!
I sure hope
we're not lost!

Well, a
rolling stone
gathers
no moss!

Maybe that man
over there with
his nose pointed
in the air can tell
us exactly where
we are . . . ?



Please, sir—I wonder if you can help us . . . ?

How dare you talk to me! I don't know you, and even if I did, I wouldn't talk to you! Now remove yourself from my section of sidewalk, or I'll have you arrested, you presumptuous little snit!

Oooh! Are you nasty!

Of course I am, and with good reason—



* I was born to a tradition
That gives me a position
Above the common mob;
And I hope you're adjusting
That I find you quite disgusting,
'Cause I'm nothing but a Snob!

All the Lower Class is stinking;
Sometimes I'm even thinking
Bill Buckley is a slob;
I don't kiss girls I'm dating—
It might be contaminating,
'Cause I'm nothing but a Snob!



* Sung to the tune of "If I Only Had A Heart"

With the dough I got from Father,
I find that work's a bother;
I've never had a job!
Roll-On Ban
I'm not getting—I'm too elegant for sweating,
'Cause I'm nothing but a Snob!

So you see . . . there's nothing I can do about it!

Sure there is! You can come with us to dig the Guru in Underground City! He's got fantastic powers and he just might be able to make a real human being out of you!

Well, if you can stand me, I guess I can stand you, so—

We're off to see the Guru—

Look at that strange fellow ahead of us carving his initials!

What's so strange about that?

He's carving them on a bum!



Did anyone ever tell you that you look like a second-rate hoodlum in a third-rate movie made by a fourth-rate studio?

Sure, but you gotta remember . . . I'm trying to overcome a basic hereditary deficiency—I'm just plain rotten!

* In the hottest Summer weather, I'm dressed in boots and leather
With Levis tightly shrunk;
And I feel brave and reckless
When I wear my Nazi necklace,
'Cause I'm nothing but a Punk!

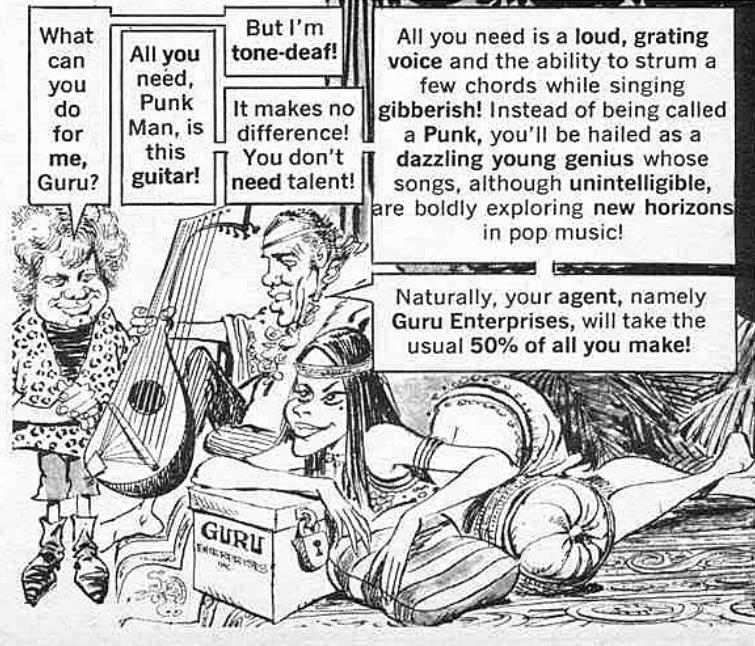
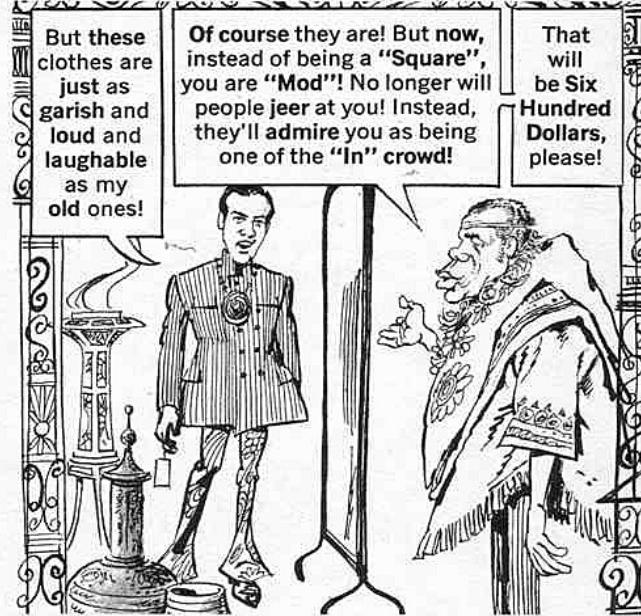
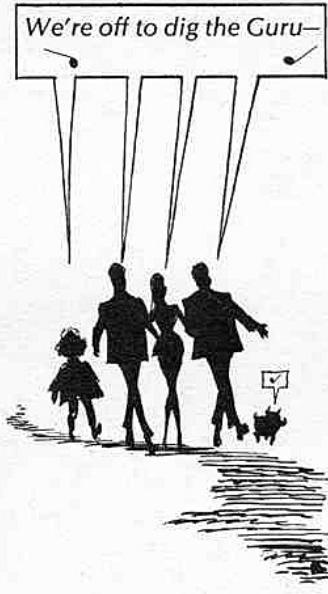
On my motorcycle, racing,
You'll find me often chasing
Some poor and helpless drunk;
When his head I am breaking,
There is surely no mistaking
That I'm nothing but a Punk!

Yes, I . . .
Am one tough guy
Who other folks obey!
I took on a kid the other day—
One punch from me . . .
She ran away!



* Sung to the tune of "If I Only Had The Nerve"

When a teacher says I bug him,
I just haul off and slug him;
I guess that's why I flunk!
Though I fail, still I bear up—
The whole school I simply tear up,
'Cause I'm nothing but a Punk!



What about me, Guru?
I want to get high
with an insane glow
and blow my mind and
find Nirvana! How
can you help me?

You, my dear, will move in with
me where we can meditate in private!
Together, we shall reach new heights
of transcendental bliss and penetrate
the sensual mysteries of the universe!

In other
words,
you're a
dirty old
man on the
make!

And a schemer!
And a con man!
And a fake!

Naturally!! Who do you think is
behind all the new-wave
garbage of today? Who do you
think is promoting those
paintings of Brillo boxes that
are called "art"; that ear-
shattering din that is called
"music"; those dull, mind-
rotting movies that are
called "art films"?

ME—that's who! It's the biggest put-on
of all time, and it's given me the
purest Nirvana of all . . . namely MONEY!!

* I promote those Fashions ghoulish,
Those Art-Films trite and foolish,
That "In Folk" all applaud;
With the greed of a vulture
I keep cashing in on culture
'Cause I'm nothing but a fraud!

I'm the man who's masterminding
The Pop Art that's so blinding—
Its sale should be outlawed!
Though it's trash, I won't knock it
While the profits line my pocket,
'Cause I'm nothing but a fraud!

*Reprise—sung to the tune of "If I Only Had A Brain"

All day . . .
I sit and pray—
And though it may seem odd,
I tell my disciples I've met God;
Would you believe
He's going Mod?

While this "Holy" bit I'm faking,
A bundle I am making
From suckers who are awed;
And I hope you won't tattle
That I'm really from Seattle
And I'm nothing but a fraud!

Well,
Guru,
we've
made our
decision!

You're
going to
expose
me?

Heck, no! We're
going to join you!
Where else can we
make our pile so
easy! Right, gang?

Right!

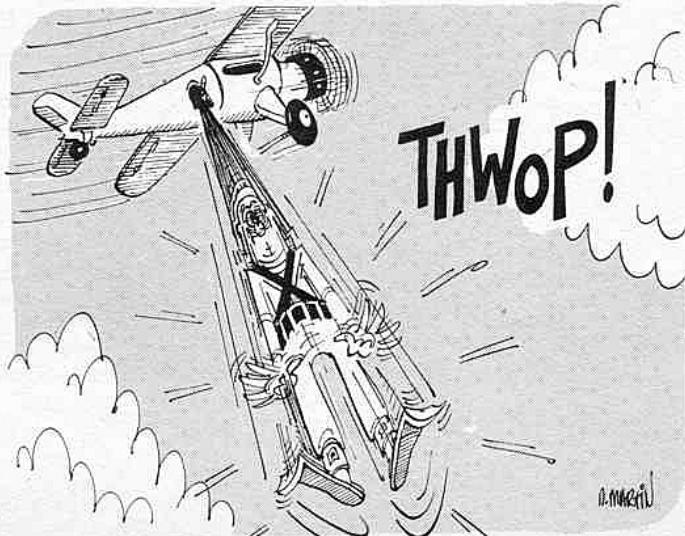
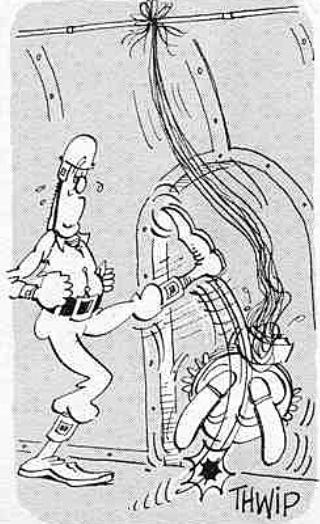
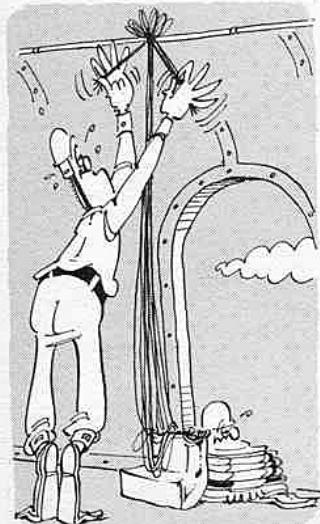
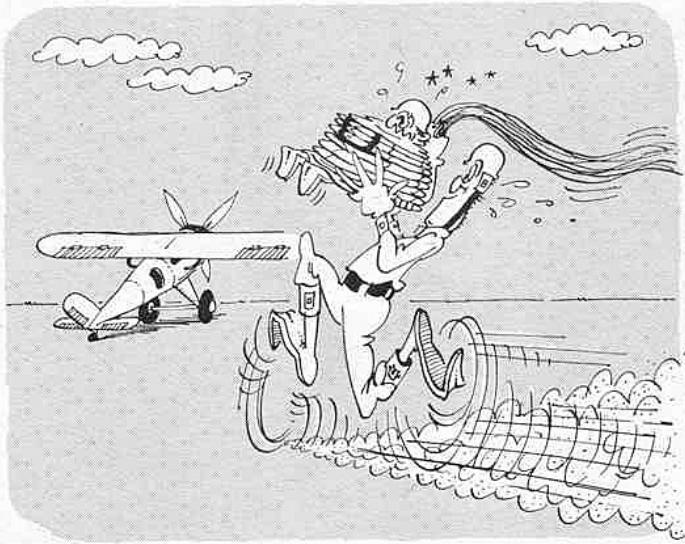
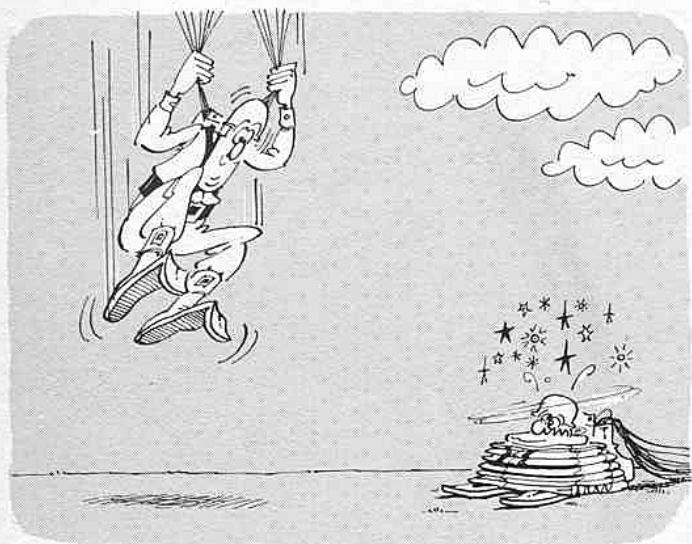
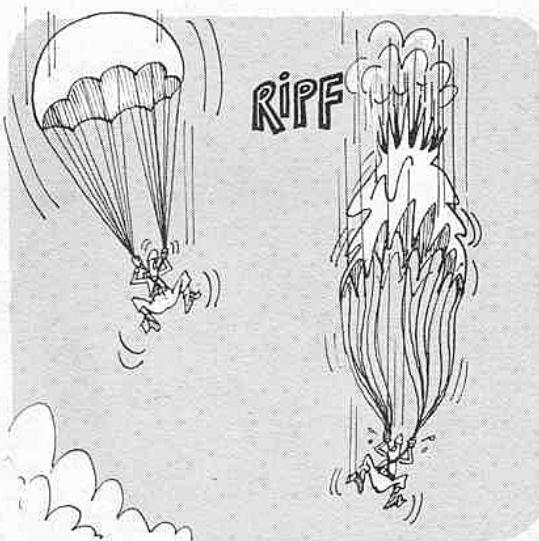
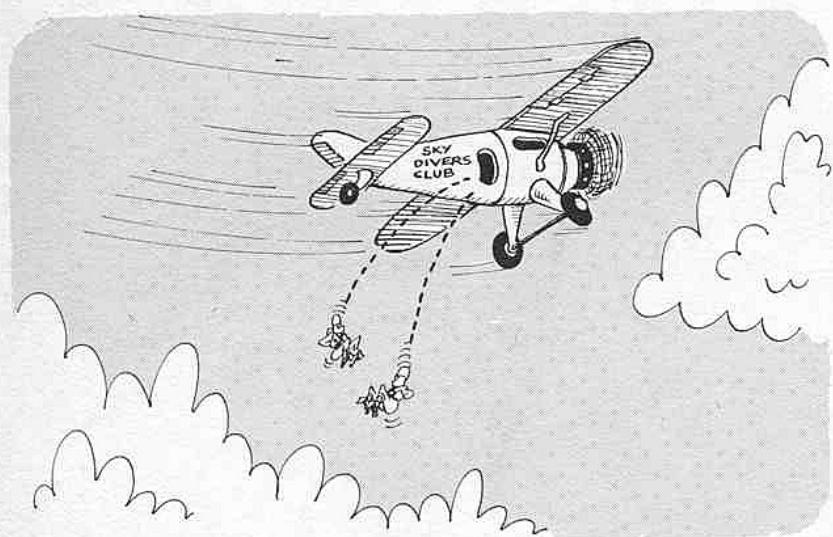
* We're glad we dug the Guru—
That greedy old Guru of ours!
He's on the make
And such a big fake,
He even wears phony flowers!

We don't give a darn
how he makes his dough
As long as we see our profits grow
And grow, and grow, and grow,
and grow, and GROW—
As merrily off to the bank we go!
(Beedle-de-bobble-de-boo!)
We're glad we dug the Guru—
That greedy old Guru of ours!

*Reprise—sung to the tune of
"We're Off To See The Wizard"



On A Saturday Afternoon



THERE ARE MANY STRANGE ANIMALS AND WEIRD BIRDS AROUND THESE

A MAD NATUR



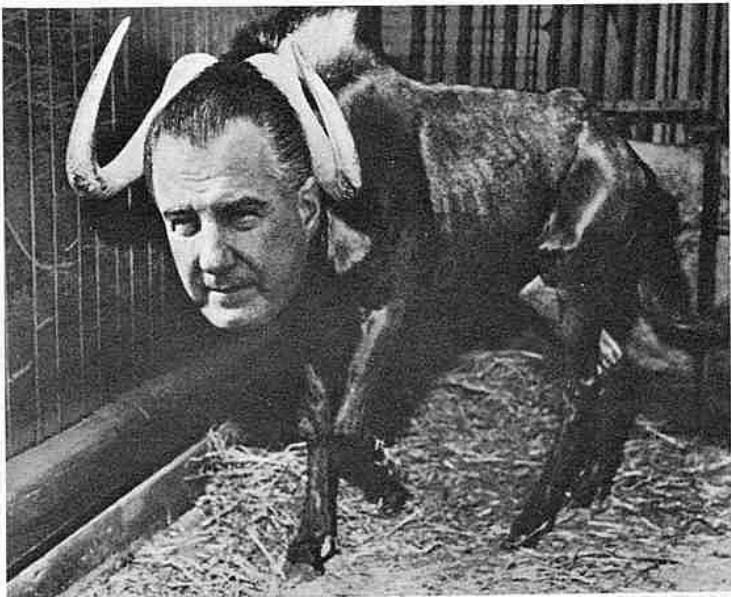
THE BLUE JANE

(Exhibitionis flauntus)

Because of her blue characteristics, it is not surprising that the Blue Jane is considered a rather off-color bird. Once native to the United States, she now flits about the world, spreading her wings and making wild, unpredictable flights. Several times a year, she sheds her feathers in public, which causes a great sensation. For the Blue Jane, this seems to be a bare necessity. Small wonder that she is one of the great favorites of bird-watchers everywhere.

THE BURTONS OF PARADISE
(Celebritus Sickenus)

The Burtons of Paradise believe that they are the most beautiful creatures in the forest. Because of this, they spend much of their time strutting and prancing about,



THE AGNU

(Blunderus Politicus)

Until recently, the Agnu was little known and rarely seen outside his small preserve in the Eastern part of the U. S. Today, however, he is a national creature and a household word. The Agnu makes great attempts to move forward, but has to spend much of his time back-tracking to make sure where he's at. An awkward beast, he often stumbles while trying to decide to move to the right or the left. Some people feel that the Agnu should not be allowed to roam wild due to his susceptibility to hoof-in-mouth disease.

THE BURTONS OF PARADISE
(Celebritus Sickenus)

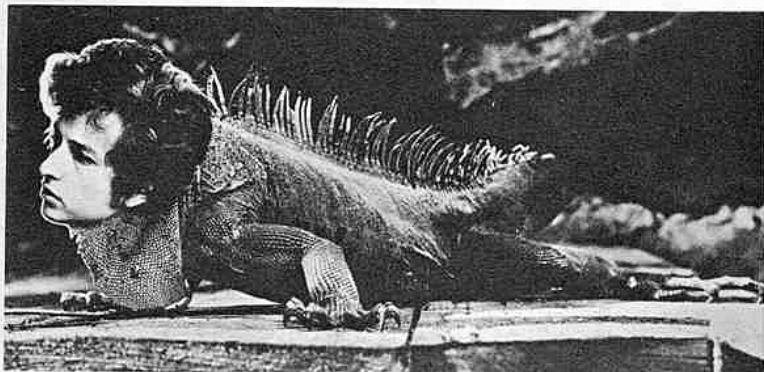
showing off their plumage. The female of this species has been known to switch mates in the past, and it is rare to see her nesting with the same male for more than a few seasons. The feathers of the Burtons of Paradise are gold, which is also their favorite color. Despite their flashy brilliance, they are not above laying an occasional egg.

DAY. IN ORDER TO HELP YOU IDENTIFY THEM, WE NOW PRESENT . . .

E STUDY GUIDE

CONCEIVED BY: MAX BRANDEL

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



THE DYLA MONSTER

(*Raucus Incomprehensibus*)

The Dyla Monster is not a monster at all; he just looks that way. Actually, he is an intelligent creature with a very important message, but he is unable to communicate it normally. So the message comes across as an incoherent rasping whine. The Dyla Monster lets his hair grow wild so he won't resemble his enemies, the Fat Cats (*Squarus Conformi*), whom he hates because of their considerable wealth, status and material possessions. Today, the Dyla Monster is an exalted creature who has managed to gather up considerable wealth, status and material possessions.



THE HIPPOPOTAMAO

(*Peipingus Perilous*)

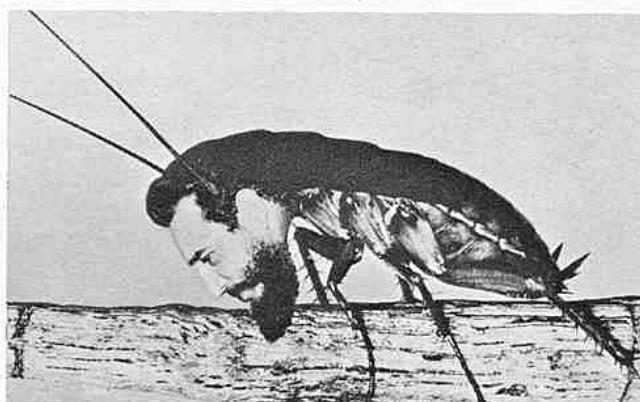
The Hippopotamao is a fearsome beast who lives by himself behind a curtain of bamboo. Full of fears and suspicions, he bellows constantly about his most hated enemy, the sly Chiangaroo (*Taiwanus Offshoreus*). Because of the immense size of the Hippopotamao, he has a ravenous appetite and will attack and swallow up any smaller animal that lives close to his lair. Oddly enough, one attack seldom satisfies him and an hour later he is hungry to attack again.



THE DODO

(*Hollywoodus Innocuous*)

Pity the poor Dodo! Once she was able to fly gracefully, often reaching majestic heights. But now, she is losing her plumage and every attempt fails to get her off the ground. However, despite her disappointments, the Dodo still fusses about on the ground, hopping aimlessly and spreading herself thin. The Dodo lives on a diet of fame, which she believes makes her ageless. This, of course, is impossible, since everyone knows that the Dodo is extinct.



THE CASTROACH

(*Revolutionus Infectus*)

This irritating pest might have been eliminated when he first appeared some years ago, but somehow he managed to survive, due mainly to ineffective or weak insecticides. Now, the Castroach is a rapid and persistent breeder, and it is feared that he may be infesting the underdeveloped areas around him. The pest thrives in hot climates, thanks to scraps of food tossed his way by his overfed cousin, the Red Starantula (*Kremlis Insidious*). When threatened, the Castroach emits a series of horrible cries which can last for several hours and cause death by sheer boredom.

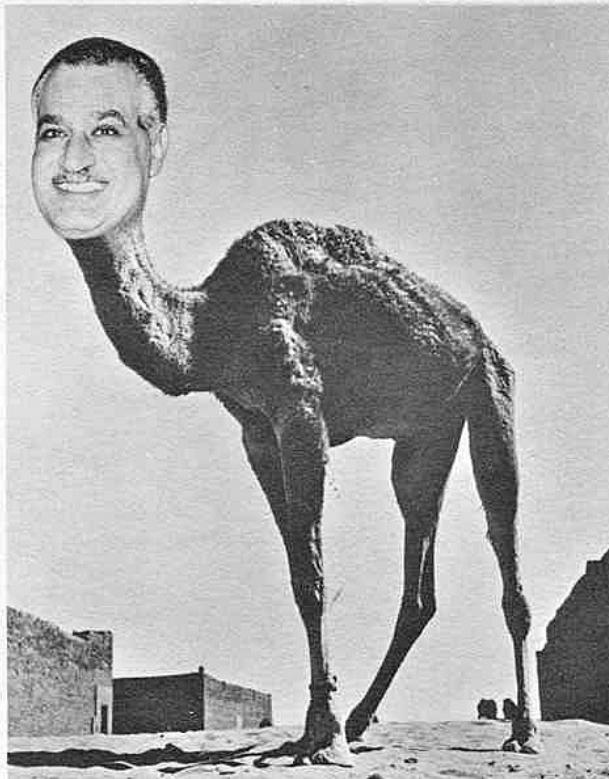




THE TINY TIMPANZEE

(*Tiptoeus Tulipus*)

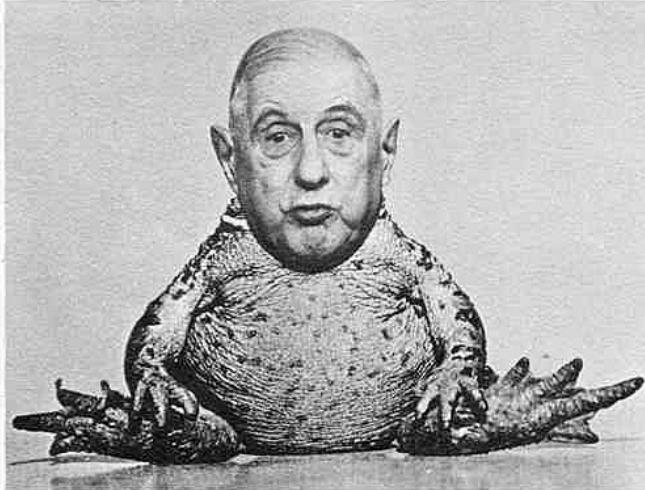
Of all the creatures, the Tiny Timpanzee is the kindest and the most thoughtful. He seems to be willing to make himself look ridiculous in order to please his admirers, contorting his face foolishly and uttering weird, high-pitched giggles. When other creatures laugh at him, the Tiny Timpanzee just smiles, because secretly he knows he is bringing happiness to people. He also smiles because secretly he knows he is pulling down 5000 bananas a week.



THE GAMEL

(*Egyptus Absurdus*)

The Gamel is noted for his large hump, without which he could not function since it contains his brain. The Gamel is often referred to as "The Lip of the Desert". This is because of the strange ritual he performs every few years. Bellowing an awful roar, he can be seen tearing across the desert to attack his enemies. Then, three or four days, he can be seen bellowing another awful roar and tearing back across the desert to where he started. So it is not at all surprising that the Gamel is considered a backward creature.



THE SNOOTED FROG

(*Pompus Obnoxious*)

The Snouted Frog is a durable creature who stays alive by feeding on his own ego. He usually can be found sitting proudly on his own lily pad in the middle of a small lake called the "Common Pond", croaking loudly how democratic he is while simultaneously kicking out any creature that he doesn't want around. Periodically, the Snouted Frog will leave his lily pad in order to stir up the waters in other ponds. At such times, he puffs himself up to twice his normal size by using his unlimited supply of hot air.



THE POWELL CAT

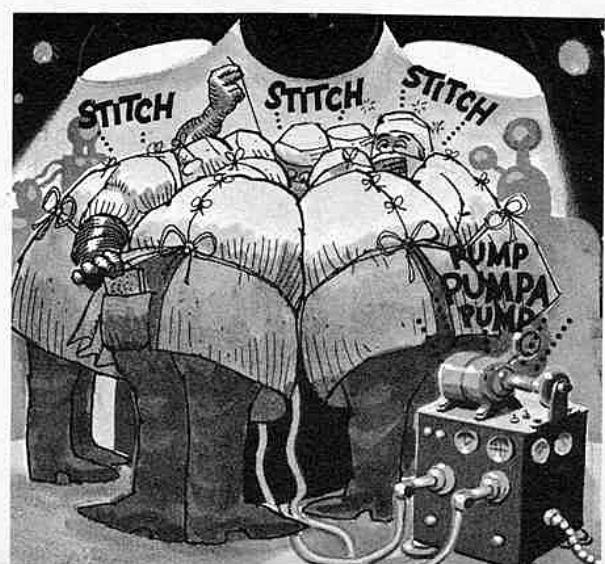
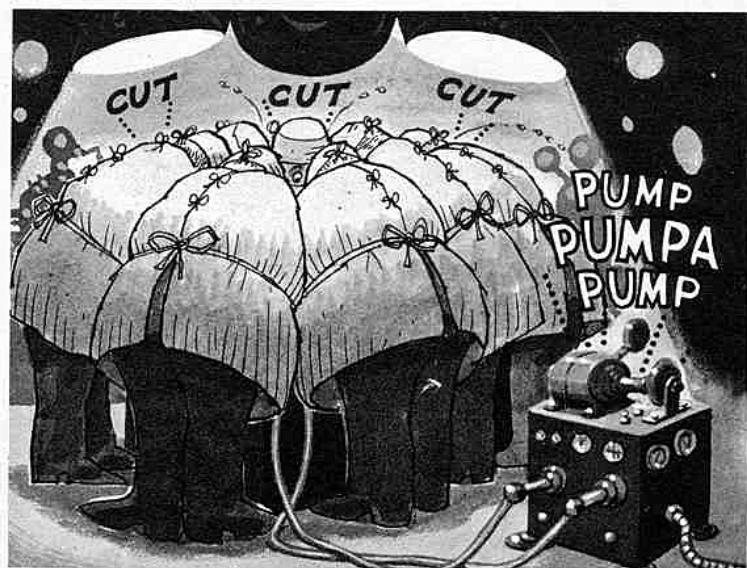
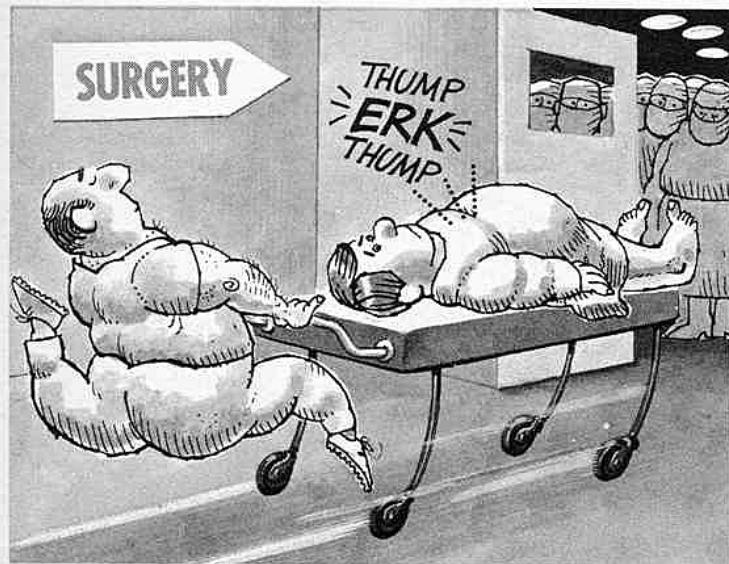
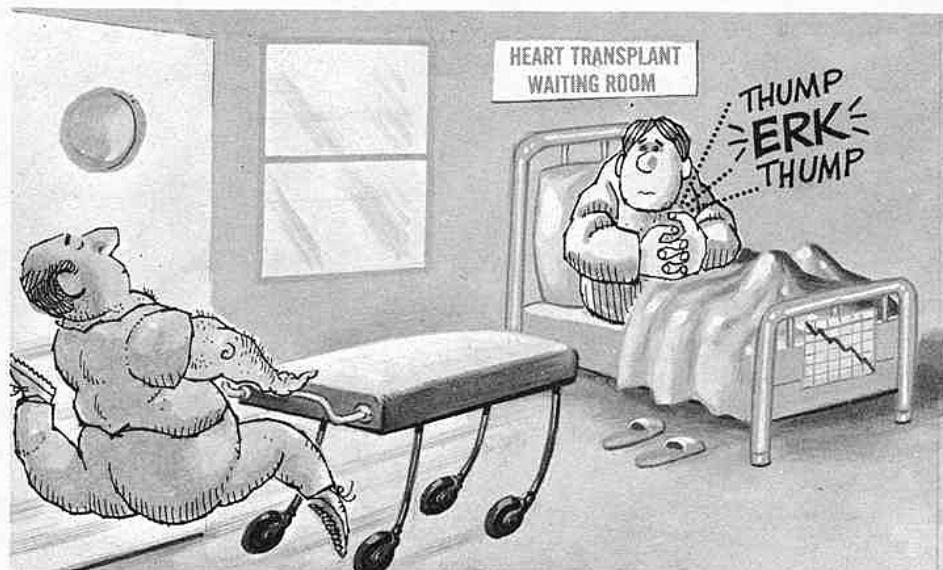
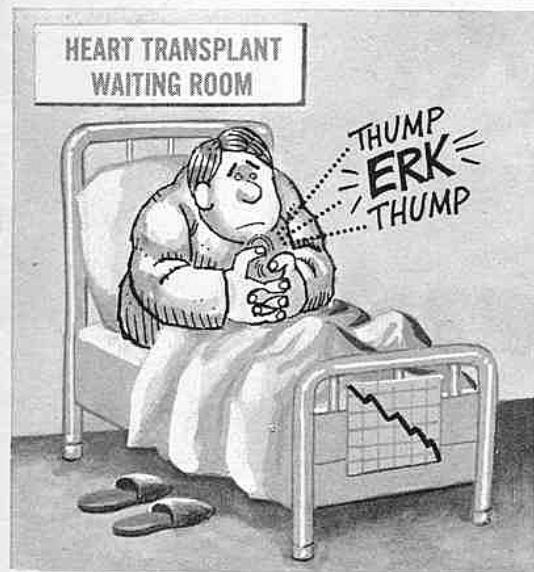
(*Representus Absentia*)

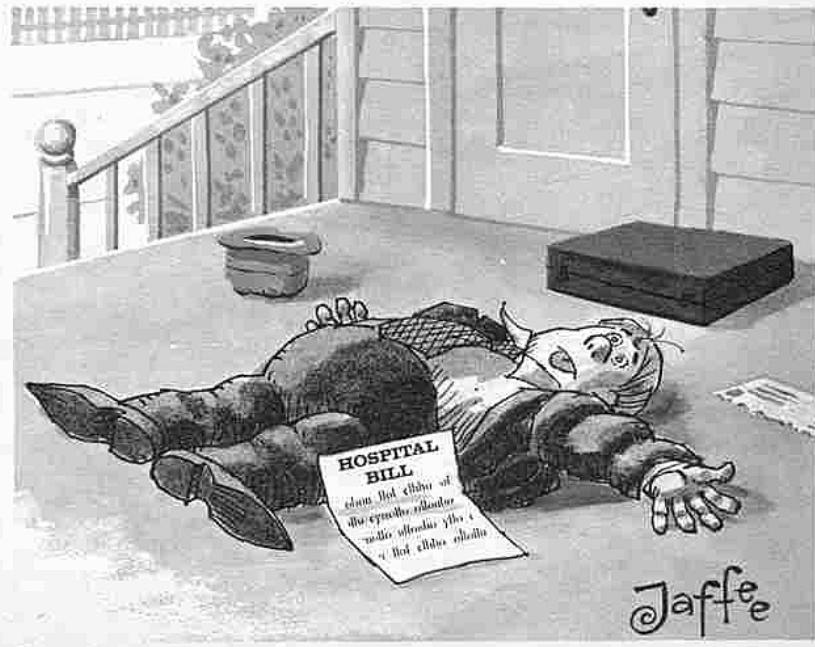
The Powellcat is a noisy, troublesome creature whose lair is supposedly in the Northeastern United States. However, every two years, he is named "King of the Local Forest" by his neighbors there, after which he immediately disappears only to turn up later, prowling some far-distant tropical beach. This is because several years ago, the Powellcat lost his homing instinct which accounts for his lack of direction. When tracked down, the Powellcat lets out wild screams of outrage at the thought of being domesticated. Fortunately, early in 1969, he was finally House-broken.

PUMP AND CIRCUMSTANCES DEPT.

THE HEART TRANSPLANT

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE





With the "Art Film" and the "Foreign Film" taking over more and more of our movie market, somebody thought it might be funny if MAD were to investigate this phenomenon. (The somebody, of course, was the writer of this piece!) And so, this is Hugh Frowns . . . about to interview Mr. Carlo Levinetini—who is

MAD'S "FOREIGN FILM PRODUCER OF THE YEAR"

Tell us, Mr. Levinetini—where do you get the ideas for the "ART FILMS" you make?

See that staff of Readers over there, Mr. Frowns? They're screening scripts of writers from all over the world. The GOOD ones—about "LOVE" and "HAPPINESS" go there, and the BAD ones—about "IMMORALITY" and "DECADENCE" go here!

You seem to have lots of "GOOD" scripts, and very few "BAD" ones!

THAT's why I can't make as many "Art Films" as I'd like to!

Anyone can turn out a GOOD script! But an "ART FILM" script—that takes a writer with a sick, warped mind! And TELEVISION has grabbed up all of those guys!

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Gee, I don't see anything "Immoral" or "Decadent" in this synopsis—

"Boy meets girl—Boy marries girl—Boy raises family . . ."

The "Boy" in that story is a 12-year-old Alcoholic! The "Girl" his Mother! And the "Family" he raises is from the Dead!

It's called "HE, SHE AND THEM"! It will follow my successful "I, YOU AND US" and "WE, YOU AND I" . . .

I see! Are similar titles necessary?

Absolutely! The confusion they cause is priceless. We know of one little old lady who saw "I, YOU AND US" six times, when in reality she was trying to see "WE, YOU AND I"! As long as people pay the admission price, we don't care if they stay to see the picture or not!



Mr. Levinetini,
I notice that
"Symbolism" is
used a great
deal in your
Foreign Films—

That's right! Symbolism
is very important. In
fact, the greatest
symbolist of all—
Frederico Linguini, is
shooting a Foreign Film
here right now!

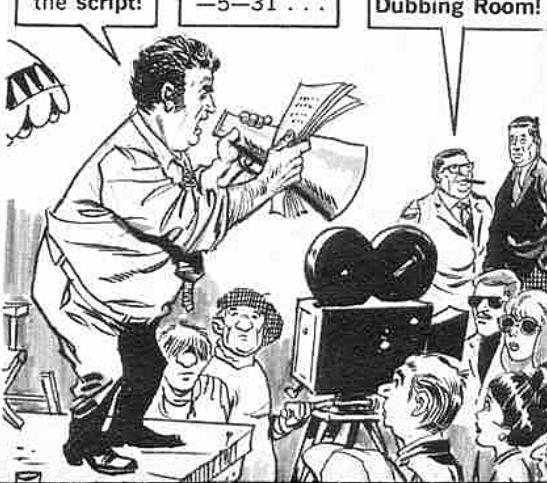
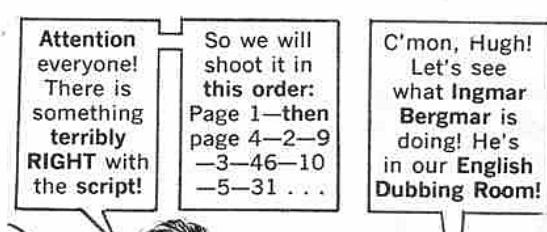
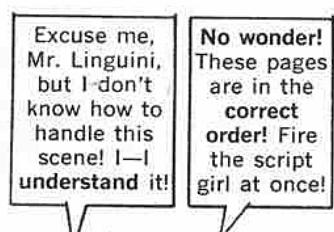
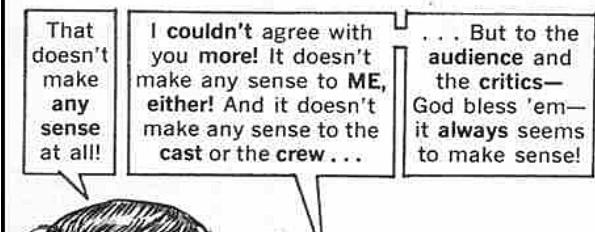
Linguini
is shooting
a Foreign
Film in
New York!

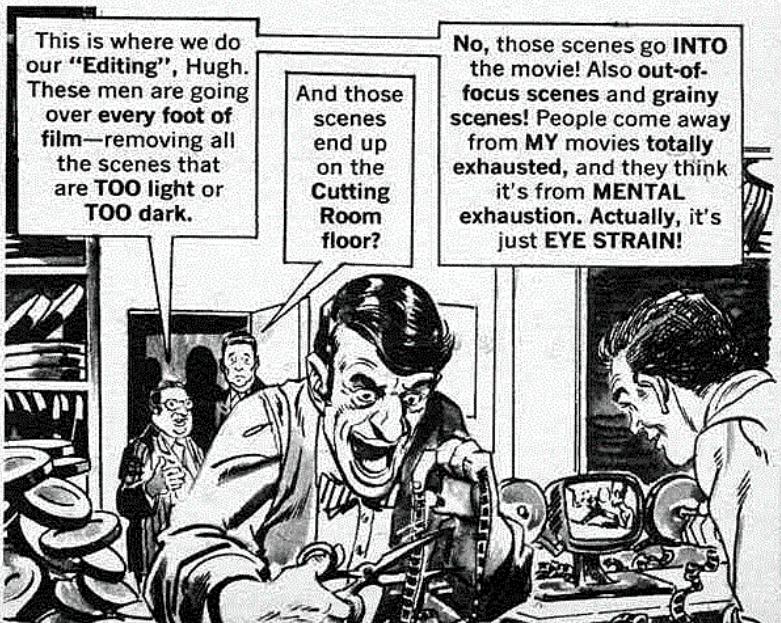
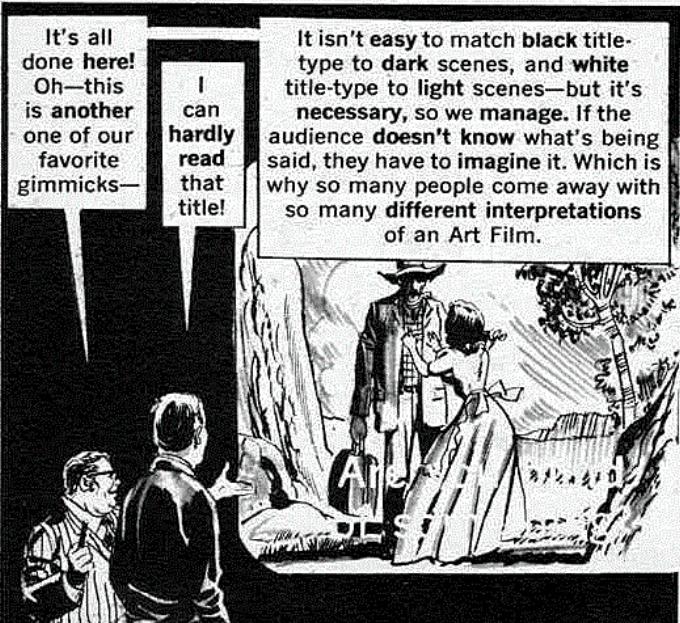
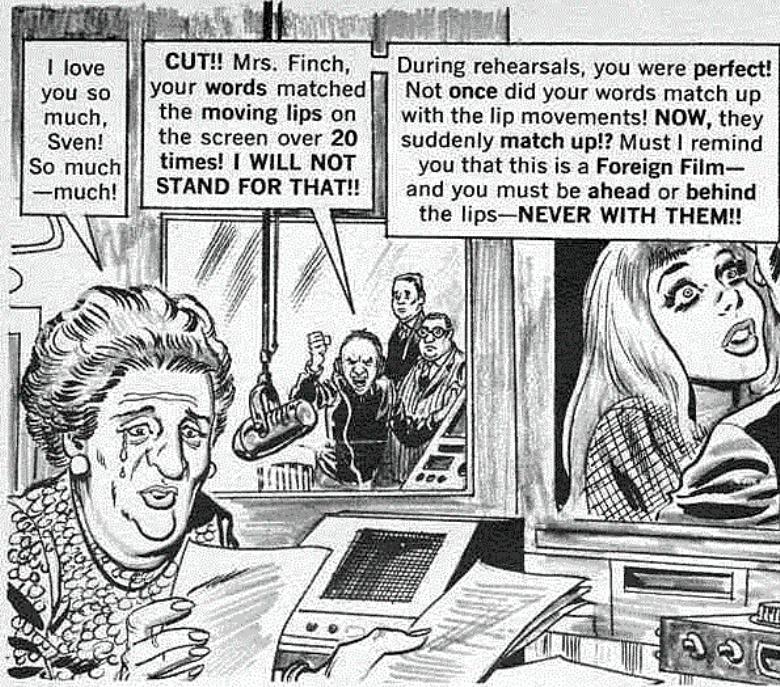
So?! If he shot
it in his own
country, it
wouldn't be a
Foreign Film
in Italy, would
it? They love
Foreign Films
there, too!

Then, after they
show it there,
we import it
back here! And
any film
imported from
Europe is a
Foreign Film,
right?

Hey, Frederico!
This is Mr. Hugh
Frowns from MAD.
He wants to know
about symbolism!

You've come to the
right Director, Mr.
Frowns! This scene
that I'm shooting
now is a perfect
example of Linguini
symbolism . . .





And now, into the cellar and home of the most **FOREIGN** of my "Foreign Film" enterprises... The "Underground Movie"!

Hugh—this is the world's foremost maker of Underground Movies... Mr. Andy Wormhole—

Hi, Sweetie! I'll be with you in one moment—

All right, kids. I'm ready to make another movie. This one will be about—about—er—14 HOURS LONG! That's what it will be about!

So when I count to three, do something for about 14 hours—Ready...? One—Two—Three... GO!!

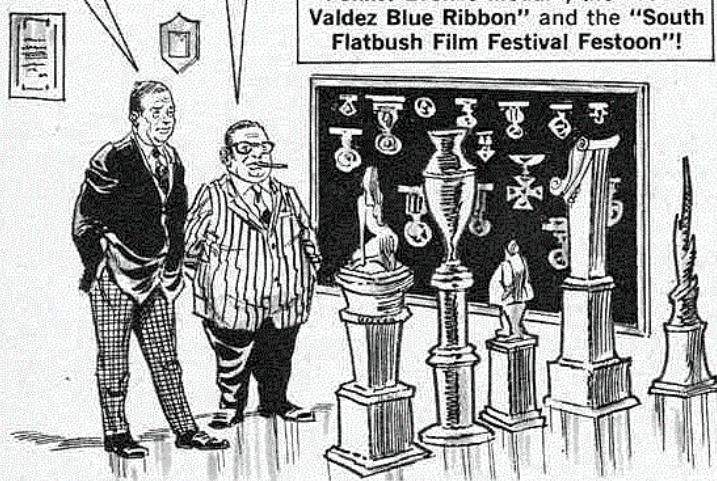
Give 'em time! They'll think of something. And if they DON'T—better yet! Now if you'll excuse me, I don't want to be around when I'm directing one of my films!



I see you've won plenty of awards. You must make excellent movies!

The movies I make are all **BOMBS!**

But there are 1,467 Foreign Film Festivals a year, Hugh... and only 750 Foreign Films! So it's impossible not to win **SOMETHING!** Last week, the "Coming Attractions" of one of my films won the "Gerard Fokker Bronze Medal", the "Juan Valdez Blue Ribbon" and the "South Flatbush Film Festival Festoon"!



Tell me, did you see my latest—"CLOSELY WATCHED ACCIDENTS"?

Oh! Was that one yours?
What did you think of it?

Well, it certainly was not the best Foreign Film I've seen! In fact, I left before it was over, and I was glad I went out when I did. My wife stayed to see it and said it got even worse. It was a great disappointment! That's my candid and honest opinion!



Thank you, Hugh! May I quote you in one of my full-page ads?

You want to quote a negative reaction like that?

Well, we won't have room for ALL of it, but I'm sure we can use parts of it!

Be my guest, Mr. Levinetini—and thank you for a most enlightening interview! Bye!

Hello, Sid? I want a full-page ad for "Closely Watched Accidents" tomorrow. Take down these review quotes...

...THE BEST FOREIGN FILM I'VE SEEN!

...SEE IT

"IT WAS... GREAT"

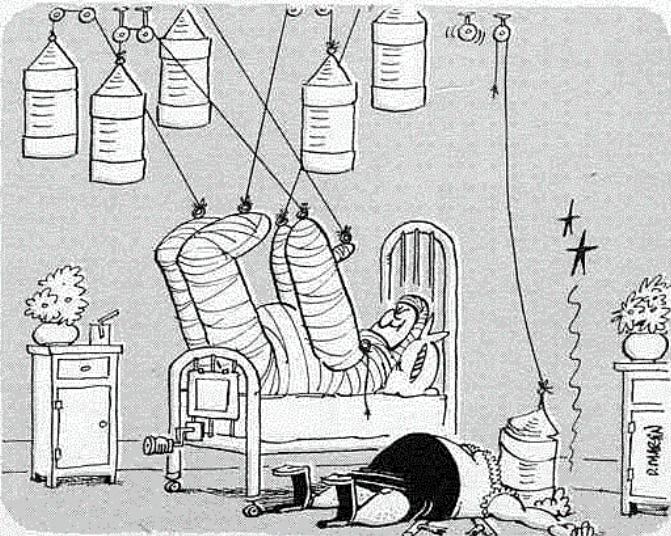
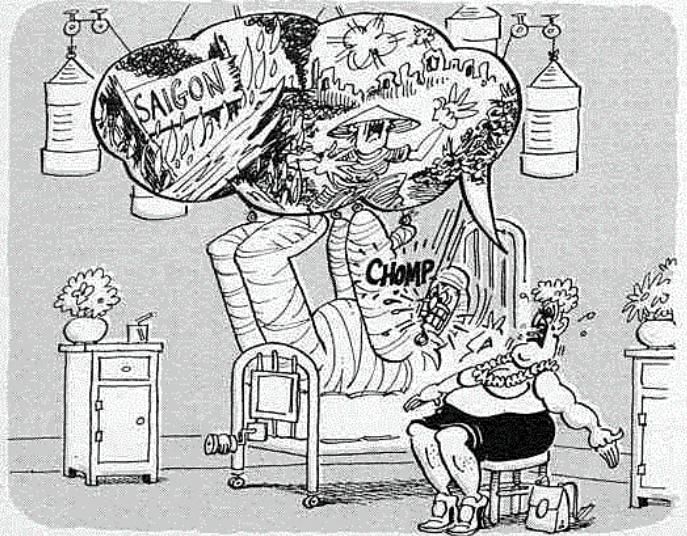
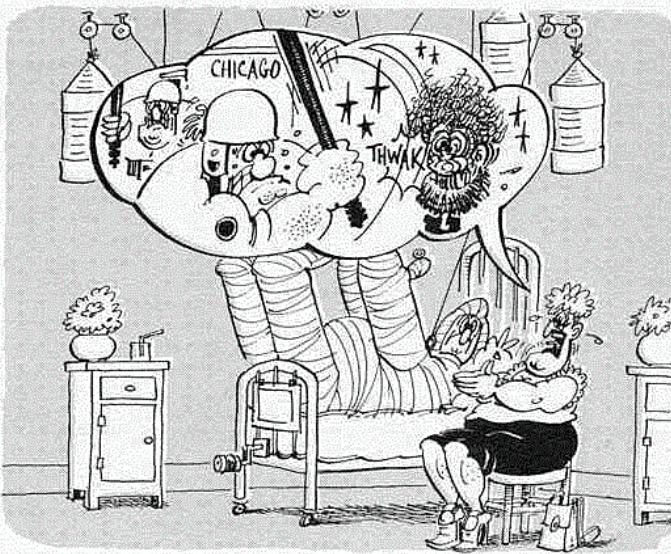
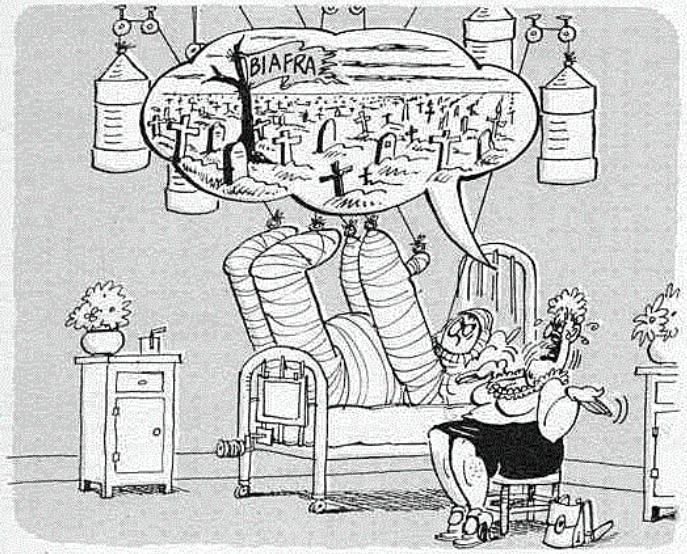
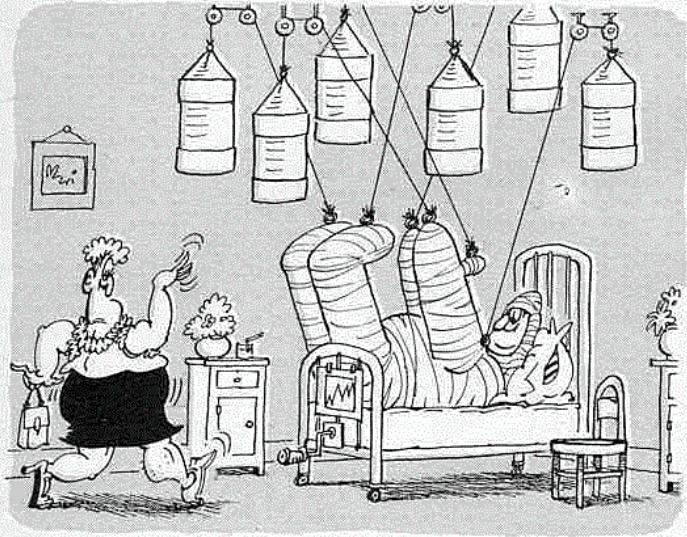
"...CANDID AND HONEST"

"... I WAS GLAD I WENT"



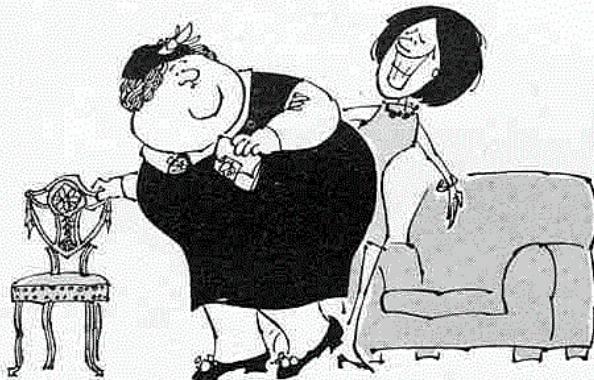


One Day In A Hospital



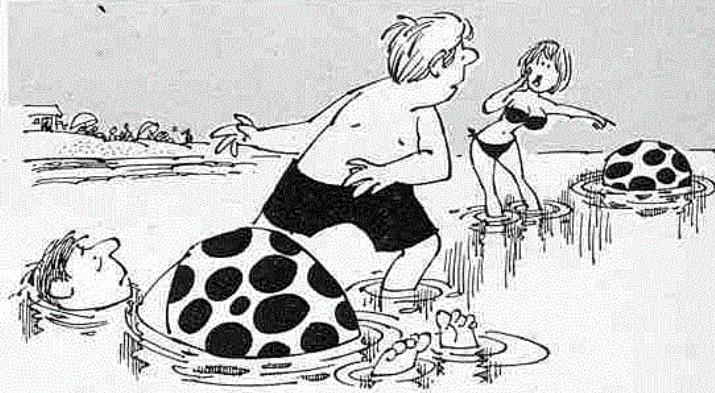
You Know You're REALLY

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When...



... your hostess steers you away from the Hepplewhite!

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When...



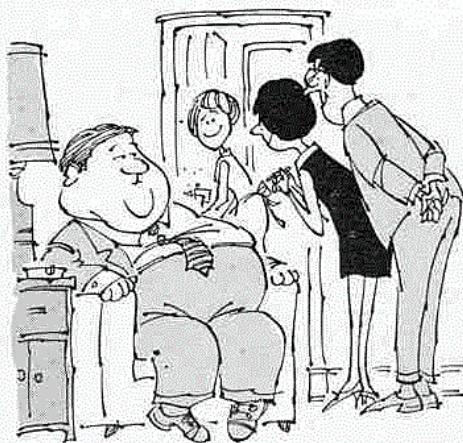
... you're very often a case of mistaken identity at the beach!

You Know You're REALLY
OVERWEIGHT When...



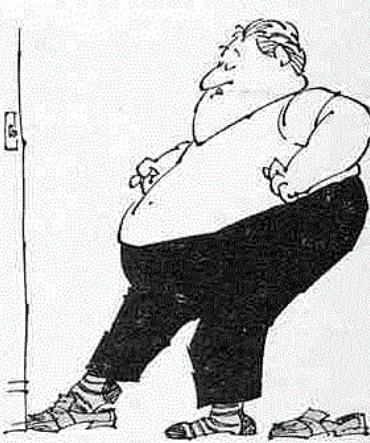
... a napkin is only effective
when it's used as a bib!

You Know You're REALLY
OVERWEIGHT When...



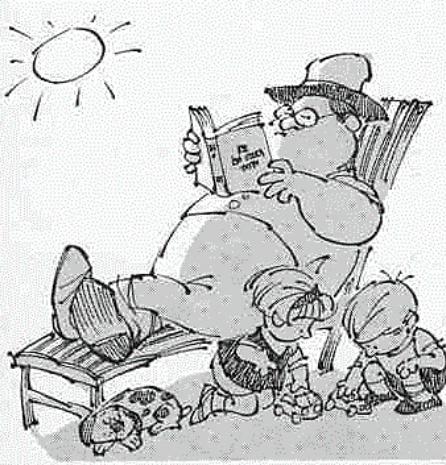
... your wife is automatically
assumed to be a great cook!

You Know You're REALLY
OVERWEIGHT When...



... you start wearing "loafers"
because you can't reach the laces.

You Know You're REALLY
OVERWEIGHT When...



... you seem to be very popular
with the kids on hot, sunny days.

You Know You're REALLY
OVERWEIGHT When...



... kids try to make you laugh so
they can watch your tummy jiggle!

You Know You're REALLY
OVERWEIGHT When...



... you're the unanimous
choice for the lead role
at the Christmas Party!



OVERWEIGHT When...

You Know You're REALLY
OVERWEIGHT When ...



... you notice that they're making
stairs steeper than they used to!

You Know You're REALLY
OVERWEIGHT When ...



... you can't see all of you
in a full-length mirror!

You Know You're REALLY
OVERWEIGHT When ...



... you can make a sloppy
knot in your tie, and nobody
knows the difference!

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When ...



... it takes less water to fill the bathtub than it used to!

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When ...



... you give up your seat to an old
lady ... and two old ladies sit down!

You Know You're REALLY
OVERWEIGHT When ...



... you feel that anything
under a quarter isn't worth
stooping to pick up.

You Know You're REALLY
OVERWEIGHT When ...



... it makes a difference where you sit in the boat.

You Know You're REALLY
OVERWEIGHT When ...



... you take off your belt and
your pants don't fall down!

ARTIST:
PAUL COKER, JR.
WRITER:
JACK KENT



PICKET YOURSELF DEPT.

One thing is certain: Pick up your daily paper and there's a story about some new protest demonstration. Aren't you getting sick and tired of stories about protest demonstrations? Well, now you can throw away your

MAD'S ALL-INCLUSIV

1

500 Yippies

Black militants

Shouting students

3 Acid heads

Angry mothers

Right-wing extremists

Underpaid teachers

Overpaid teachers

Enraged Maoists

Mark Rudd

An old maid

A bunch of nuts

2

the streets

the suburbs

a back alley

a vacant lot

the sewers

their living rooms

the girl's dorm

the Dean's office

a revolving door

a phone booth

the YMCA

Harry's Diner

PRO¹ NEWSPAP

1

..... paraded

3

in today pr

The demonstration began after

7

by

When police arrived they were greeted b

9

..... The police responded

evening, the Governor declared

11

5

a bearded male

a moustached female

a homemade bomb

a Viet Cong flag

a C.I.A. agent

a dope pusher

Jerry Rubin

Eldridge Cleaver

Mod Squad

Dr. Timothy Leary

a picketing cabbie

"MAD Magazine"

6

seized

denounced

suppressed

attacked

beaten

fondled

obliterated

arrested

applauded

put on probation

hugged and kissed

ignored

7

an off-duty policeman

the S.D.S.

a Senate Committee

a CBS News Team

counter demonstrators

advocates of free love

the Mayor

the Governor

the President

angry in-laws

proxy

mistake

8

rocks

obscenities

manhole covers

abuse

insults

bananas

praise

pizza crusts

mandalas

old Nixon buttons

flowers

rain

daily paper because MAD hereby presents one single news story to take the place of the hundreds you've been wading through. Simply fill in the numbered blanks from the corresponding numbered lists, and you'll enjoy



WE DO-IT-YOURSELF TEST ER STORY

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

through 2

protesting 4

..... 5 was 6

..... y a shower of 8 and shouts of

..... 10 Speaking over television, this

..... and called 12

3

Berkeley
Chicago
Detroit
Greenwich Village
Haight-Ashbury

4

the war in Vietnam
school bussing
higher taxes
slumlords
the Supreme Court
marriage
divorce
dirty magazines
freedom of speech
dirty movies
baths
this article

9

"Make love, not war!"

"Make war, not love!"

"Hell no, we won't go!"

Draft beer, not students!"

"Burn, baby, burn!"

"Fascist pigs!"

"Nixon was the one!"

"Commie cruds!"

We love Mayor Daley!"

"Up against the wall!"

"Walt Disney lives!"

"Sock it to me!"

10

with nightsticks
with tear gas
with mass arrests
by ducking
in kind
with a big hello
by refusing to listen
with a song
by yelling back
with snappy stories
by retreating
by resigning

11

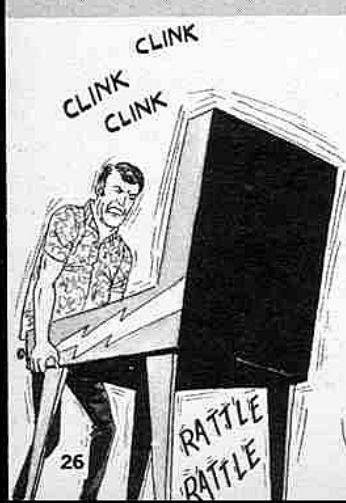
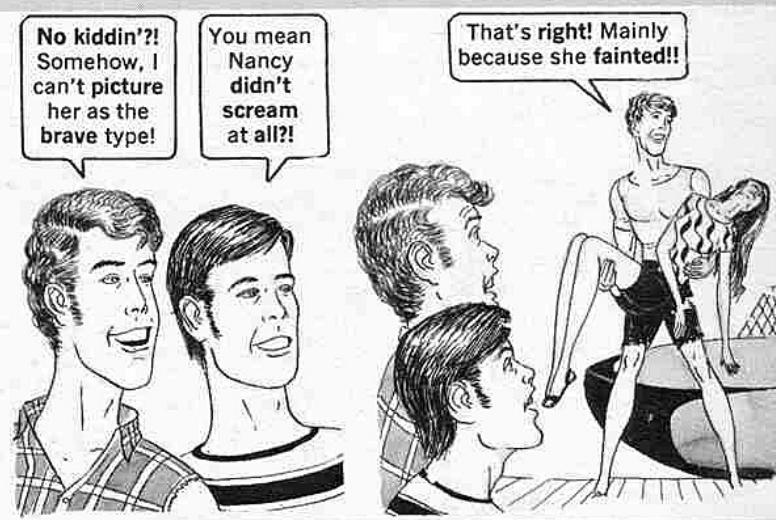
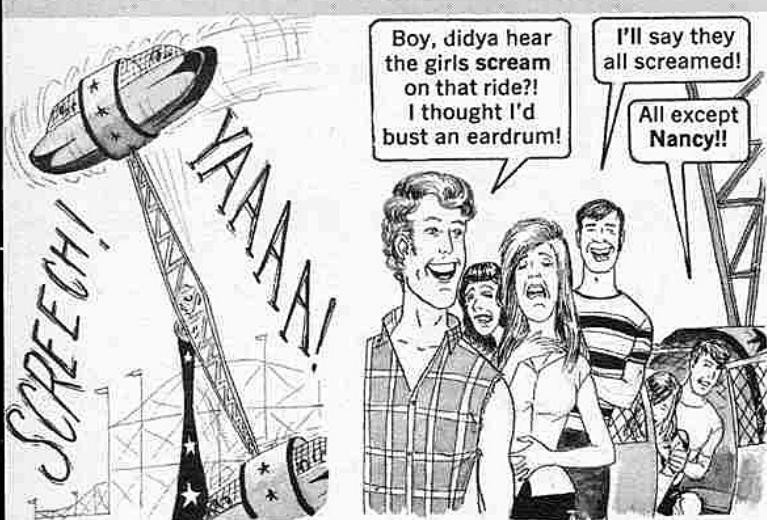
a state of emergency
a cooling-off period
that he was quitting
a new holiday
an extra dividend
that he was uptight
the sky was falling
that he was unfit
a day of mourning
he was a new grandfather
bankruptcy
war

12

for calm
for help
up the National Guard
for an investigation
Dial-a-Prayer
for his pipe and bowl
out for sandwiches
for higher taxes
for equal time
everybody names
for sweeping changes
his mother

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

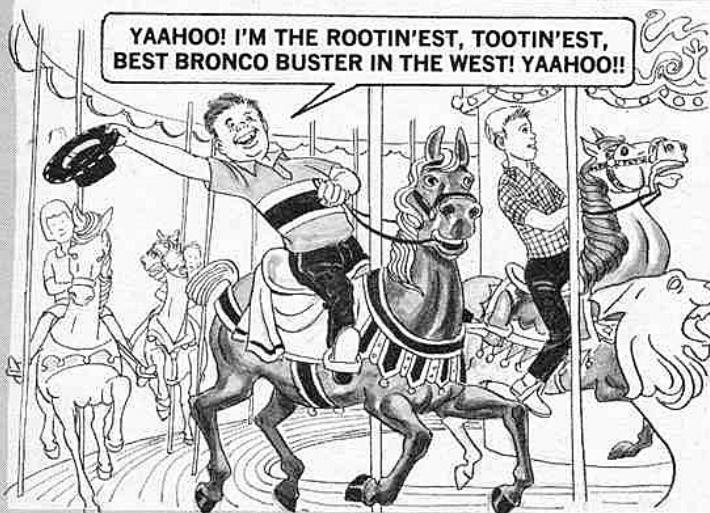
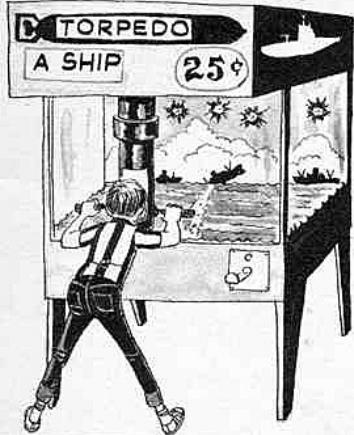
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... **AMUSE**



MENT PARKS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

BOOM!



Here, Hon—take a picture of us while I go with Mitchy on the Choo-Choo Train!

You egomaniac! You'll do anything to have your picture taken!

No, you're wrong! I'll do anything to get a ride on a Choo-Choo Train!

Well, I like riding on a Choo-Choo Train, too! So I'll go with Mitchy, and you take the picture!

Tell you what—we'll both go on the Choo-Choo Train!

B-but . . . who's gonna take the picture?

PLAY LAND



Daddy, I wanna make a Spin-Art Picture!

What's a Spin-Art Picture?

Will you please explain it to my Mother-In-Law?

Surely! First we place this piece of paper on the turntable inside this box and we start it spinning!

As the little boy squirts different colored paints onto the spinning paper, the centrifugal force spreads them outward into various shapes and patterns!

Then, when we shut off the spinner . . . Voila! We have a modern painting!!

My Grandson did THAT?! Why . . . it's beautiful!!



Y'know this big deal boxer, Kevin Martin? Well, he's not such a big deal! I knocked him out five times!

Who are you kidding? A runt like you knocking out a Golden Gloves Champ?

Well, he really did it! He kept popping me right on the button!

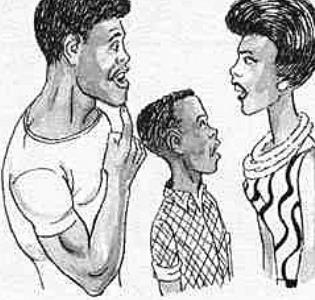
You're both putting me on!

I swear it on a stack of Bibles!

Cross my heart and hope to die!

I don't like being teased! I'm leaving!

I can't understand why she didn't believe us!



Mom! Can I go on the Ferris Wheel again? Can I, Mom?

ABSOLUTELY NOT!

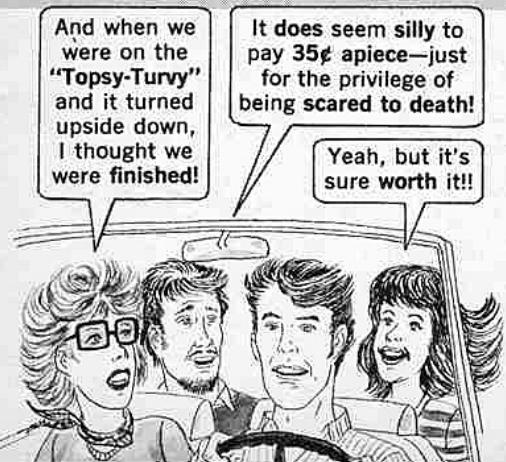
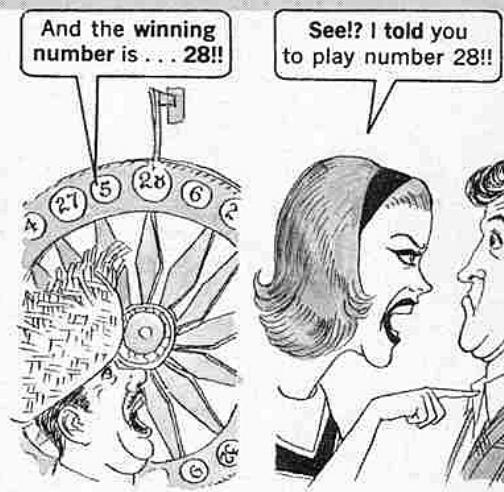
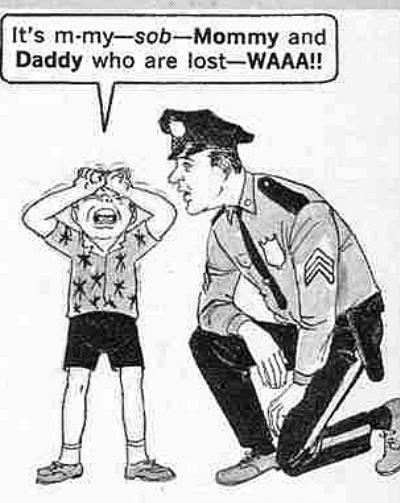
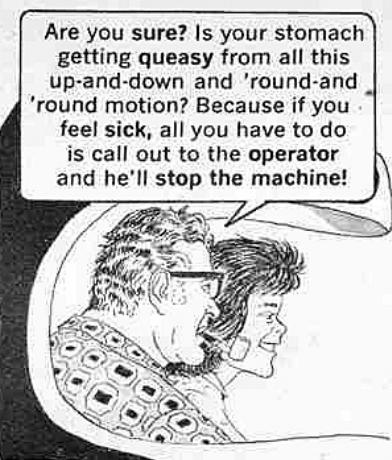
But that's not fair! Sis went on it five times already! How come you didn't stop her?!

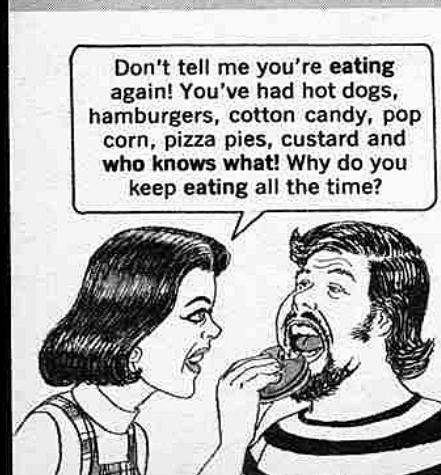
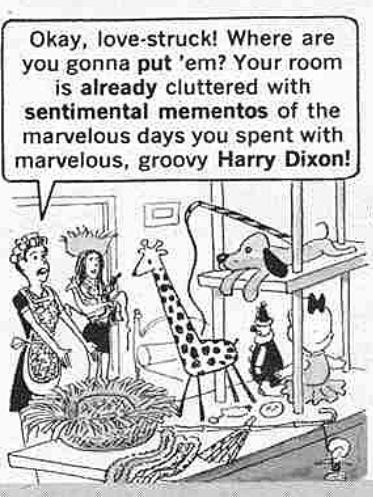
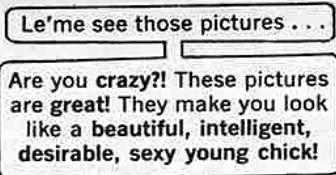
She didn't ask!

When we were on the "Roller Coaster" and the car went down the first drop and up around the turn, I felt sure it was gonna jump the track and we'd all HAD it!

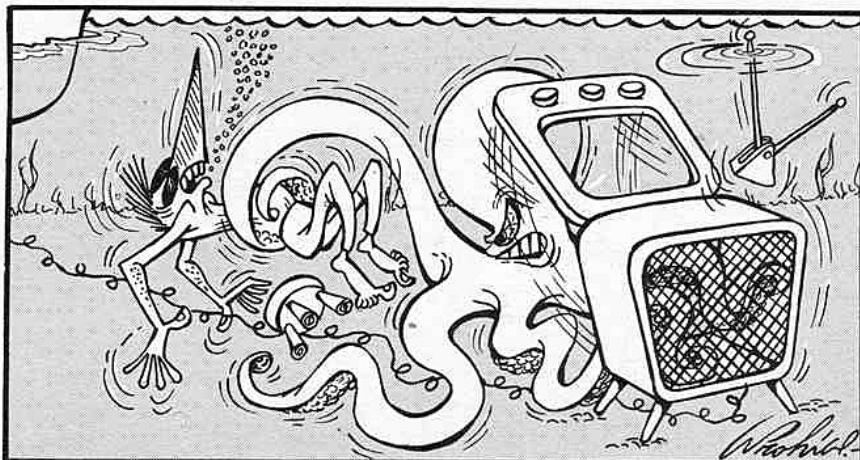
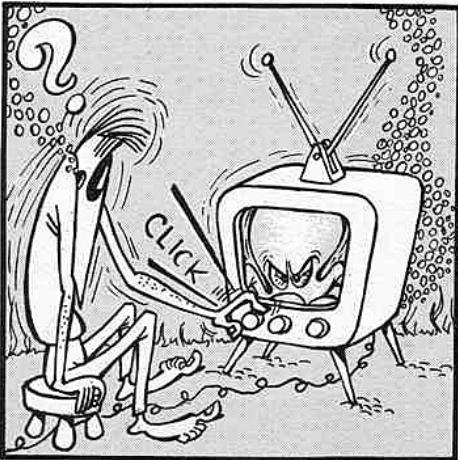
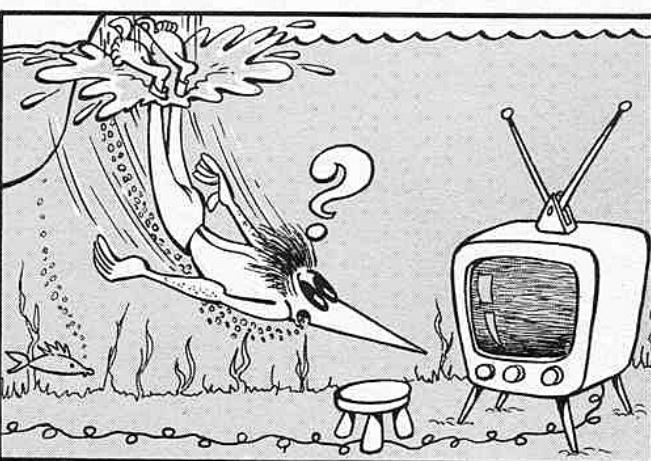
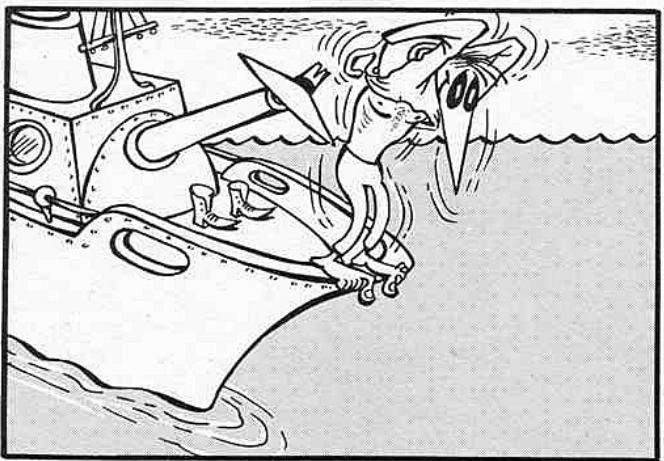
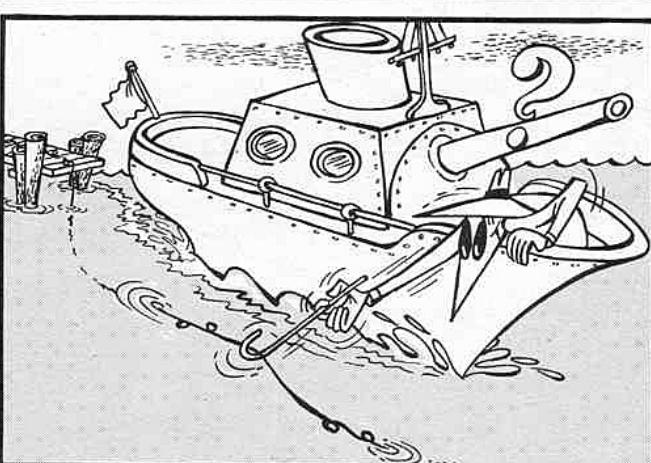
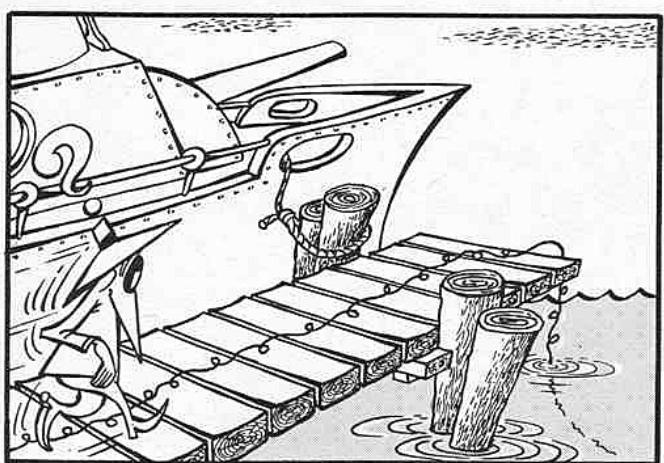
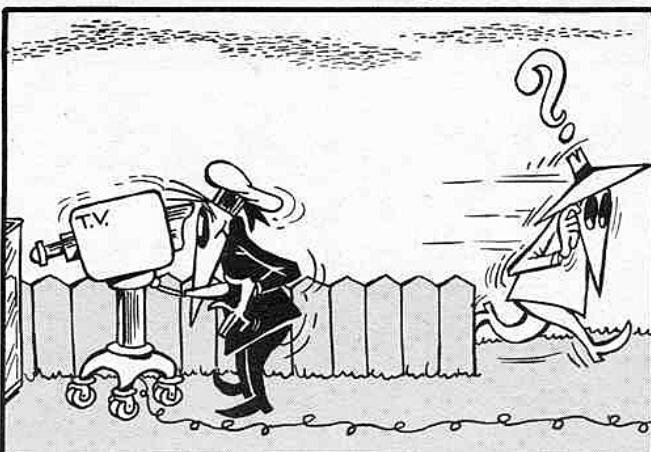
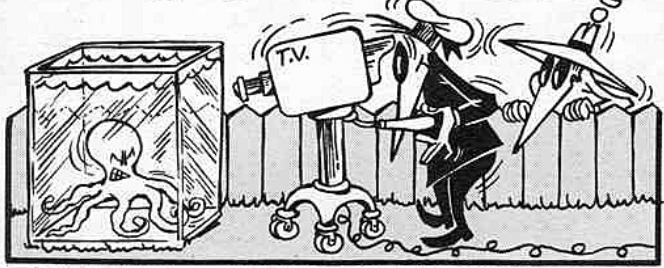
I felt that way when we were on "The Whip"!







SPY vs SPY





FOR BETTER OR VERSE DEPT.

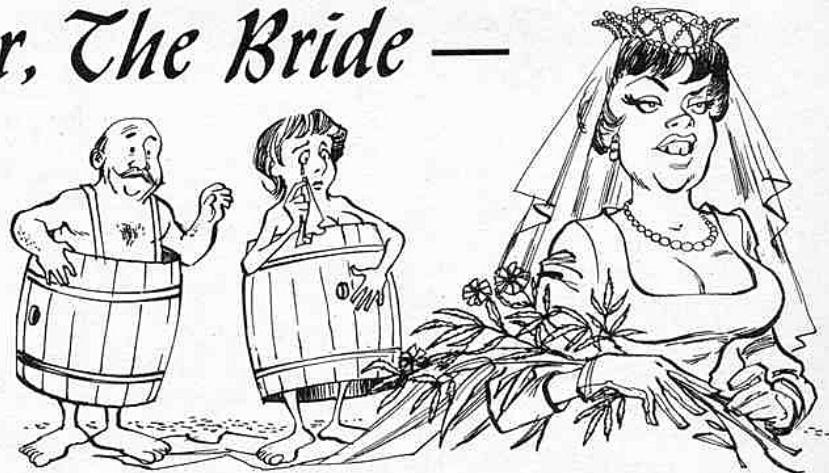
When a couple gets married, they can be sure of receiving "Greetings To The Newlyweds" cards from every conceivable source. However, despite today's

SOME "GREETIN NEWLYWEDS" W

To Our Daughter, The Bride —

Your wedding cost two thousand bucks,
As well as we can judge it;
And though it was a sacrifice,
We surely don't begrudge it;
A costly wedding's something that
A parent understands;
We would have spent a billion
Just to get you off our hands!

Mom & Dad



To the New Couple

Today you two appear to be
A young, devoted duo;
But soon will come the arguments
About the bills that you owe;
And after that the knock-down fights,
The cursing and the shrieking;
So why not call us up right now
While both of you are speaking!

HIGGENBOTTOM & SMEED
Divorce Lawyers



To The Newlyweds —

As you cruise down the road of life
In blissful love requited,
Remember that you're now a team—
A happy pair united!

In case this verse perplexes you,
There's no need to feel troubled;
It's just our way of saying that
Your premiums have doubled!

ACME AUTO INSURANCE CO.

frightening trend toward "All-Purpose Greeting Cards," there are still some areas and messages missing from the "Newlyweds Cards" racks. So here are:



G CARDS TO THE E'D LIKE TO SEE

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

IDEA: DAVID HUNTER

DEAR HONEYMOONERS—

Your wedding trip is over now;
Your honeymoon is ended;
We're sure you liked your stop-off here
And found the weather splendid;
By now, you must be settled down;
Your brand-new home is started
With all those blankets, chairs and lamps
You stole when you departed!

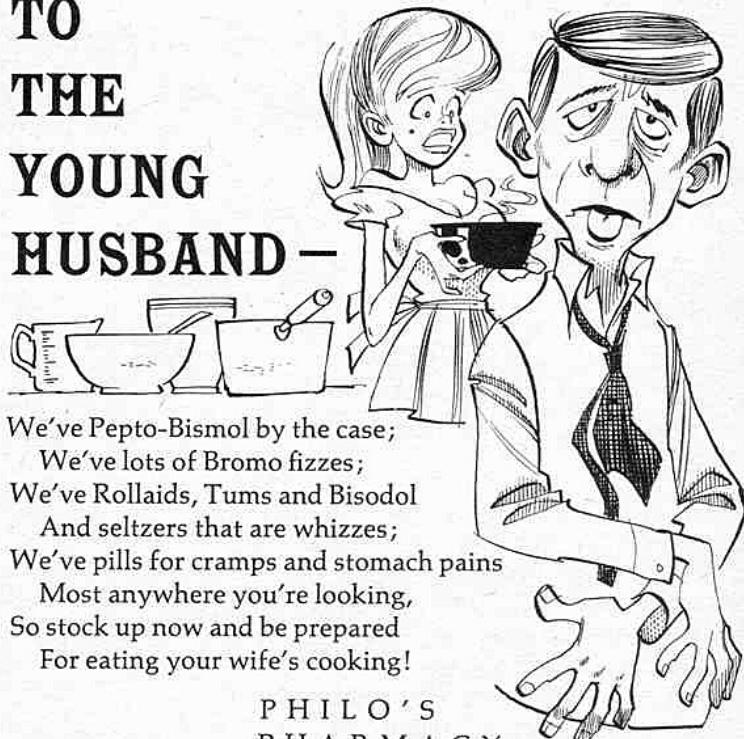
MAGNOLIA MOTEL



TO THE YOUNG HUSBAND—

We've Pepto-Bismol by the case;
We've lots of Bromo fizzes;
We've Rollaids, Tums and Bisodol
And seltzers that are whizzes;
We've pills for cramps and stomach pains
Most anywhere you're looking,
So stock up now and be prepared
For eating your wife's cooking!

PHILO'S
PHARMACY

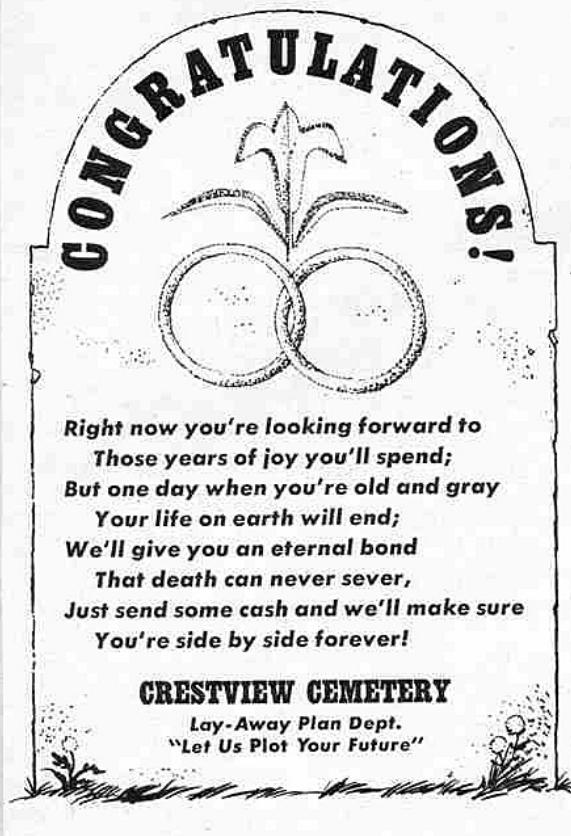


DEAR YOUNG MARRIEDS—



Your skills in self-defense may seem
A trifle weak and spotty;
If so, it's time to take our course
In judo and karate;
Though both of you may pray for peace
And feel each man's your brother,
You'll need our course for all those fights
You're having with each other!

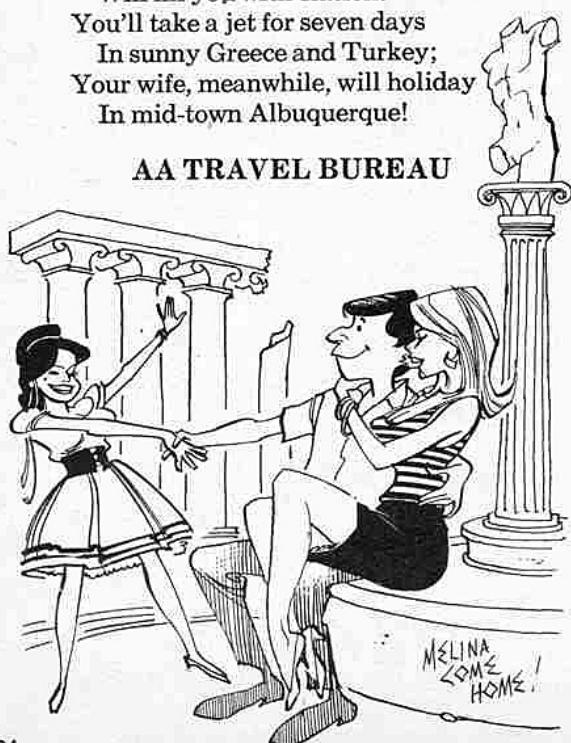
MIGHTY MISHKIN'S
SCHOOL OF SELF DEFENSE



TO THE YOUNG HUSBAND—

This summer your young wife and you
Will take your first vacation!
The trip that we are mapping out
Will fill you with elation!
You'll take a jet for seven days
In sunny Greece and Turkey;
Your wife, meanwhile, will holiday
In mid-town Albuquerque!

AA TRAVEL BUREAU



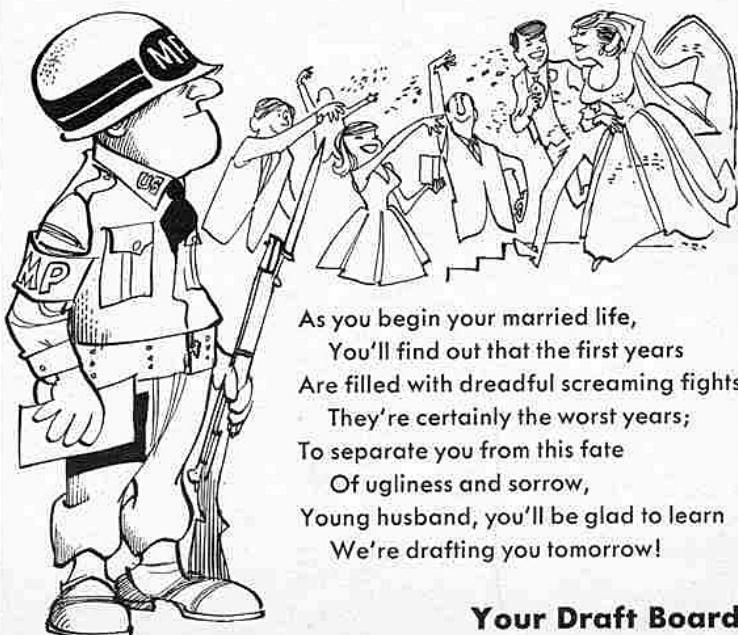
To the Young Bride —



This greeting card, oh brand-new wife,
To you we are directing;
Although you're only wed a month,
Next week you are expecting;
No need to feel embarrassed that
You're . . . er . . . well somewhat early;
Our staff's been told to just explain
You gave birth prematurely!

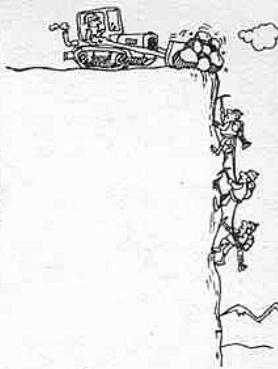
**OAKVIEW
MATERNITY HOSPITAL**

GREETINGS!

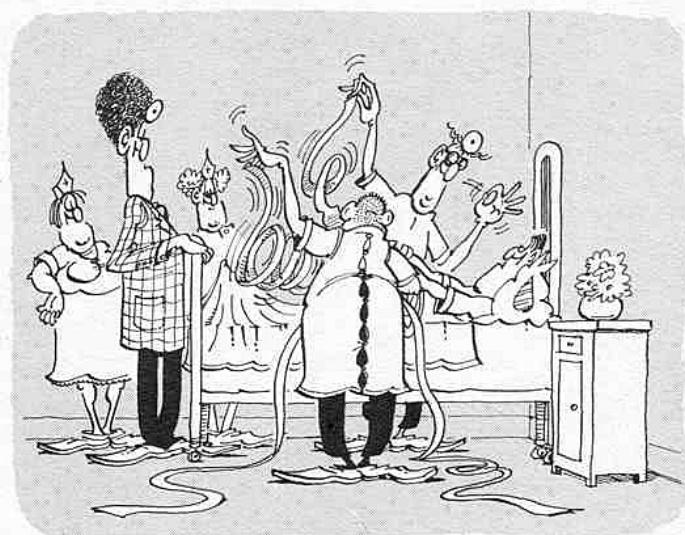
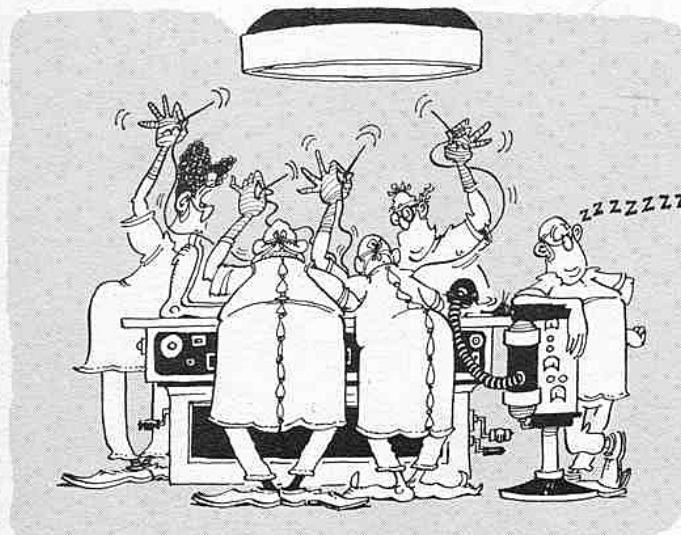


As you begin your married life,
You'll find out that the first years
Are filled with dreadful screaming fights;
They're certainly the worst years;
To separate you from this fate
Of ugliness and sorrow,
Young husband, you'll be glad to learn
We're drafting you tomorrow!

Your Draft Board



One Day In A Sawmill



INSIDE-OUCH DEPT.

Here we go again, gang, with another installment of our new series which explores that hidden world

A MAD PEEK BEHIND THE SC





where dedicated people are working tirelessly and secretly to make our lives miserable. This one is

ENES: AT A LAUNDRY & DRY CLEANERS

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

...and so, on behalf of Schlock Laundry and Dry Cleaning, I award you this Gold Watch on the occasion of your 50th Anniversary...

He's been with us 50 years?

Of course not, stupid! He just knocked off his fiftieth shirt button!

A leather wallet!

An eyeglass case!

A Milky Way bar!

A Praying Mantis!

What's going on?

It's a new game we play here called—"GUESS WHAT WE PRESSED INTO AN UNRECOGNIZEABLE BLOB INSIDE THE CUSTOMER'S POCKET"!

Okay, Bert! THIS dress is dead!

No, George, your grammar is wrong! The past tense of "Dye" is "Dyed"! You mean "This dress is dyed"!

Take a good look at the job we did on it, Bert! I mean, this dress is DEAD!

Oh, boy! Isn't this new "One-Way Mirror" in the fitting room fantastic!

And just think... you wanted a TV set!

Ummph!
Aargh!
Ugggh!
Yaagh!

What is this customer trying to tell us?

That his shirt's too stiff!

He should see the ones we clean WITH starch!

THAT'S what I've been trying to remember all day! "Frankenstein" is on the "Late, Late Show" tonight!

SOCKS
PRESSED
50¢

NO SALE

Special
UNDERWEAR
STARCHED

JACK DAVIS

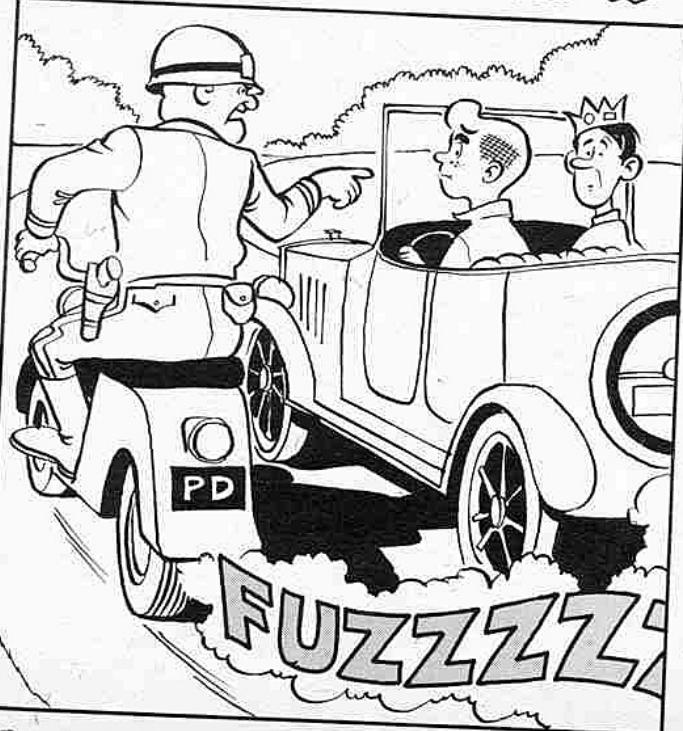
PUNCH IN THE NOISE DEPT.

Y'know those "Cartoon Sound Effects" like "BANG!" and "SOCK!" and "SPLAT-T!" and "WHAM!" that we see in our daily Comic Strips? Wouldn't

A MAD PORTFOLIO OF...

APPROPRIATE CO

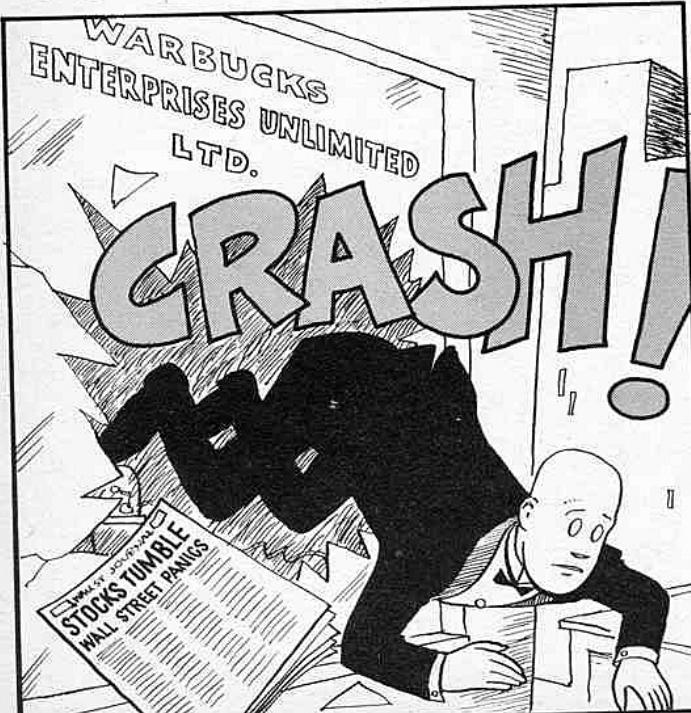
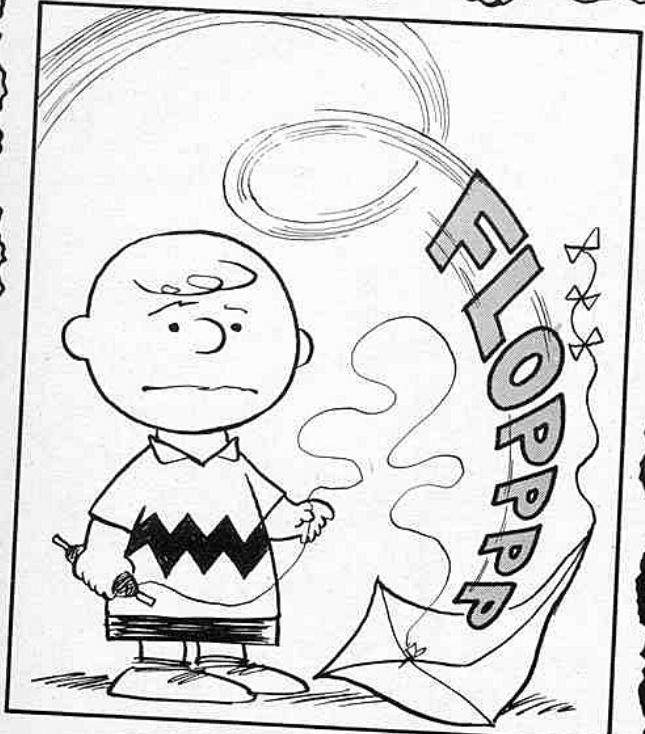
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

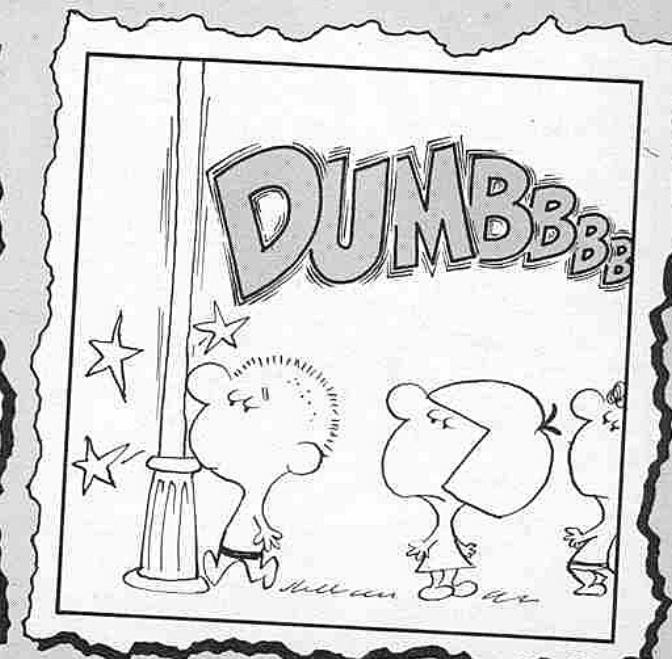


it be more effective if these "Sound Effects" actually represented what was taking place in the Comic Strip? To explain what we mean, here is . . .

MIC STRIP SOUND EFFECTS

WRITER: EARLE DOUD



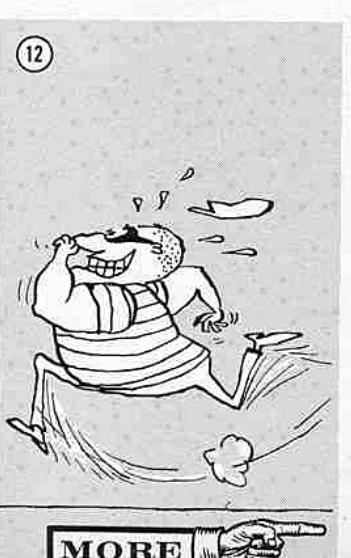


SAFE ON SECOND DEPT.

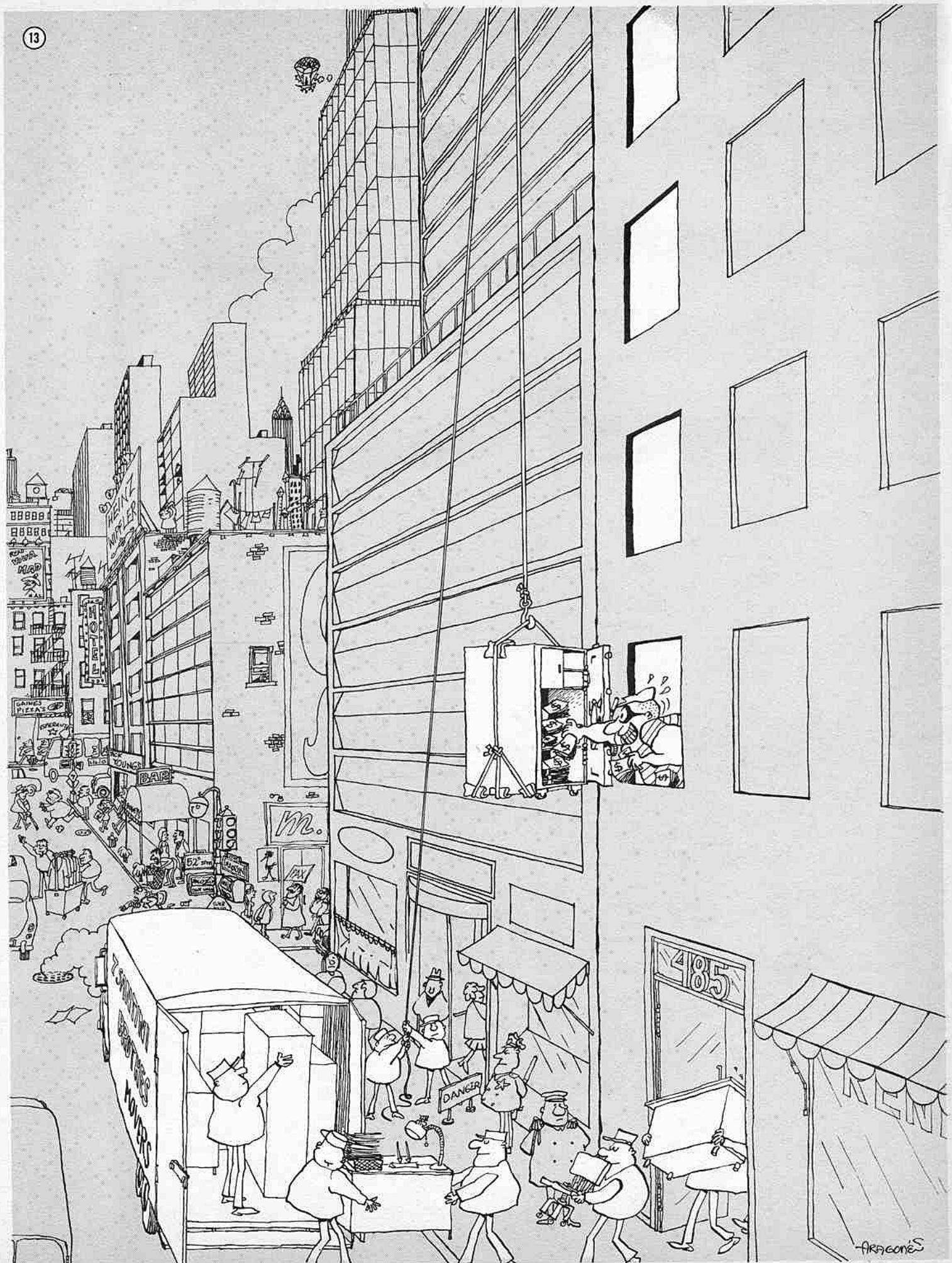
THE HEIST



ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



MORE



RAH-RAH-RIOT DEPT.

"The times . . . they are a-changing!" sang Bobby Dylan. Well, nowhere have the times a-changed things as dramatically as they have on the American College Campus. To illustrate these vast changes, we'd like to present excerpts from two College Yearbooks . . . one, a typical Yearbook from your parents' college generation, and the other, a typical Yearbook of today. Here, then, is . . .

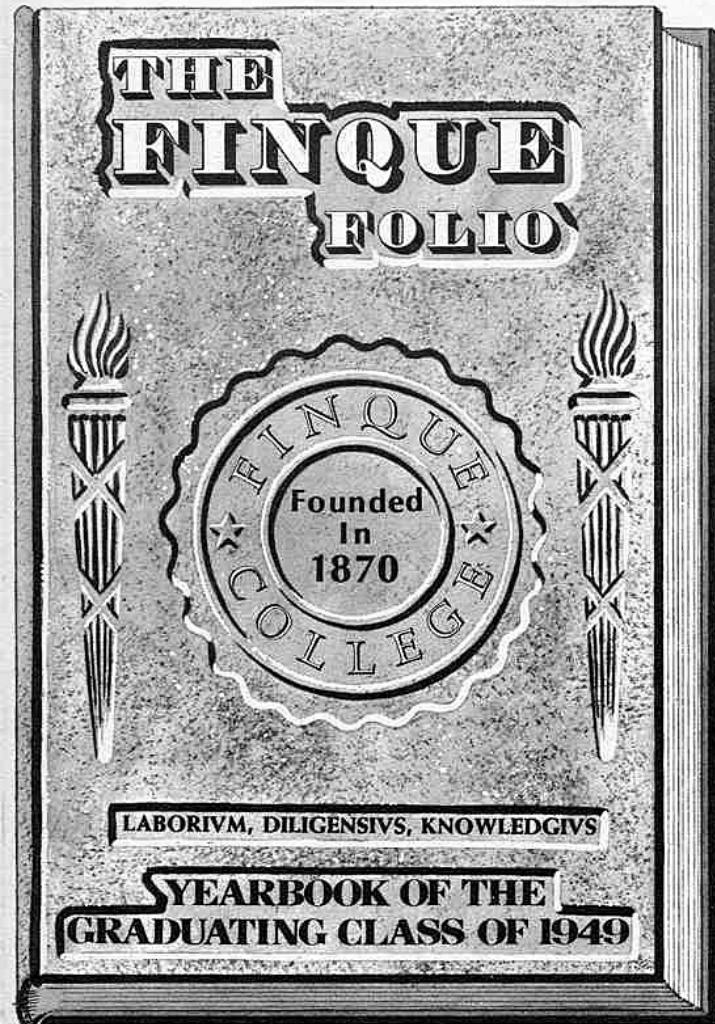


A MAD LOOK AT TWO COLLEGE GENERATIONS

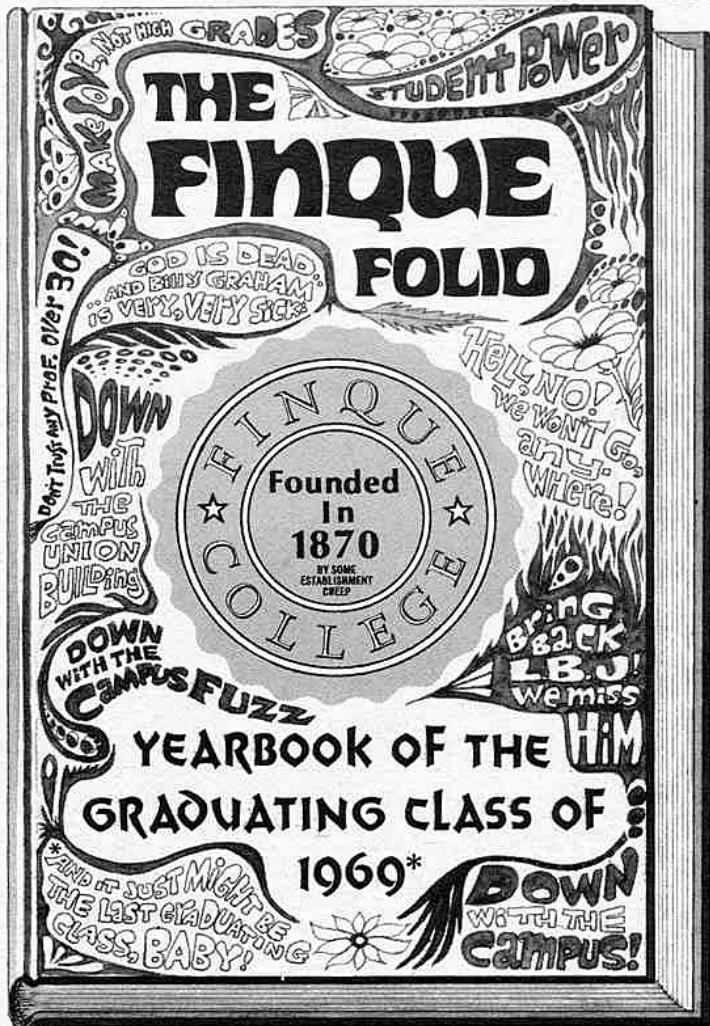
ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

A TYPICAL COLLEGE YEARBOOK OF 1949



A TYPICAL COLLEGE YEARBOOK OF 1969



THE CLASS OF 1949



HOWARD J. WHITNEY
HomeTown: Akron, Ohio

Treasurer of the Library Club, Organizer of the Zeta Beta Psi Sunday School Picnics, President of the Kay Kayser Campus Fan Club.

Math Medal, ROTC Good Conduct Medal.

Voted: Boy Most Likely To Be An Accountant.

Ambition: "To become a CPA, marry the girl next door, have three children, and be the best jitterbug in Akron, Ohio."



LINDA FERNSCREIBER
HomeTown: Merrick, Long Island

Home Economics Major, Vice President of the Senior Girls Hygiene and Moral Cleanliness Club, Chairman of the Campus Beautification Committee, Junior Class Dating Chaperon, Campus Representative for B'nai B'rith.

Ambition: "To get married, move into a Mother-Daughter Two-Family House (with my husband downstairs, and my mother and I upstairs) and become the Mah Jong Champion of all Nassau County."



WASHINGTON LINCOLN JONES
HomeTown: Savannah, Georgia

President of the Senior Boys Tap Dancing Club, Secretary of the Stepin Fetchit Fan Club, Captain of the Union Building Shoe-Shine Team, Vice-President of the Cafeteria Kitchen Squad.

Merit Award for Creative Chicken-Frying.

Voted: Boy most likely to be a Bell Hop.

Ambition: "To be the best (and only) Bell Hop ever to graduate from college."

THE CLASS OF 1969



FRIG STUYVESANT
HomeTown: Freakout, Maine

Senior Class Travel Agent for LSD Trips, Campus Representative of Mao Tse Tung, Dean's Office Wrecking Squad, Captain of the Dow Chemical Campus Baiting Society.

Picketing and Protesting Honor Roll.

Voted: Most Conscientious Campus Conscientious Objector

Ambition: "After 4 years as an outstanding campus agitator at Finque I hope someday to enroll in this school as a student."



FLEUR VERBANICK
HomeTown: Detroit, Michigan

Treasurer of the Senior Latin-American Revolutionary Council, Senior Girls Pot Monitor, Campus Liason for Imprisoned Student Demonstrators, Chairman of the Free Love Society, Captain of the Union Building Window-Smashing Squad.

Voted: Unmarried Campus Mother-Of-The-Year.

Ambition: "To run away and live in a cave with Ho Chi Minh."



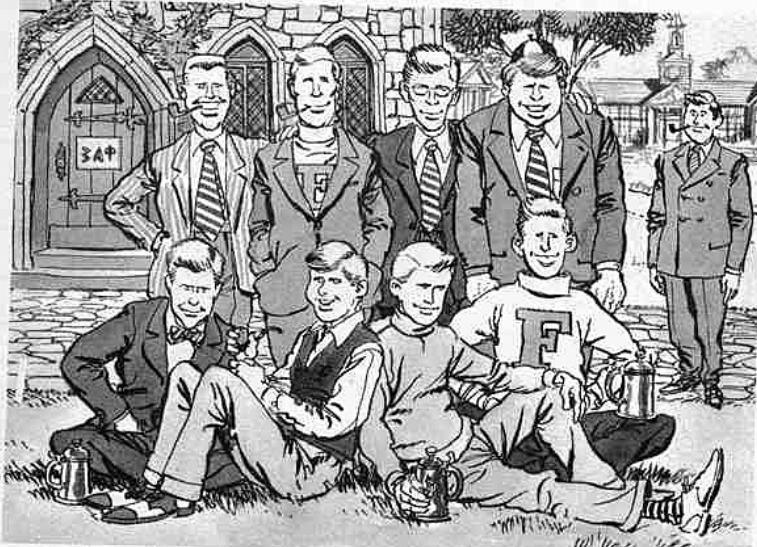
RAP WHITE
HomeTown: Greenwich Village, N.Y.

Captain of the Student Store Looting Team, President of the Sidney Poitier Movie Campus Picketing Squad, All-Star Campus Soul Brother, Senior Class Black Panther Honkey Chasing Committee.

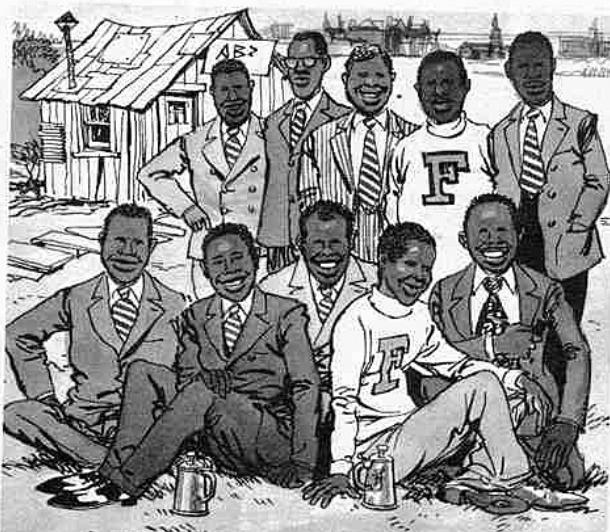
Voted: Boy least likely to be called "Boy"

Ambition: "I want everything, Man! Not now! YESTERDAY!!"

1949 CAMPUS FRATERNITIES



Here's that swell bunch of guys at Sigma Delta Wasp, the most restricted White Protestant fraternity on campus. Seated (left to right): Arnold Pure, Daniel White, William Anglo and Thomas Saxon. Standing (left to right): Pure Waverly, White Lockhart, Anglo McKee-sick and Saxon American. Standing (far off to the side of the group): Robert Edward Bigot, a pushy Presbyterian.



This is that real great group of guys at Alpha Beta Sig. All of us on campus are proud of them. They never cause trouble, they're very polite, and they know their place, mainly six miles off-campus. Standing (left to right): Leroy, James, Willie, Amos and Andy. Seated (left to right): Jackson, Birmingham, Alabama, Lightnin' and Sam.



1969 CAMPUS FRATERNITIES



Here is Sigma Delta Wasp, once the most bigoted White Protestant fraternity on campus. But we got after those Neanderthal creeps and changed all that. Now, it's open to everyone, regardless of race, color, or nationality. Seated (l. to r.): Murray Bernstein, Homer Jones, Spyros Kouris, Nehru Pandit and Lou Fong. Standing (l. to r.) Kim Korea, Ahmed Hussar, Haya Kido, Joe Thundercloud, and Nanook Nome. (Not in picture: Vito Pizzeria, Pedro Gonzales and Honorary Brother—Viet Cong Divinity Student Ngh Chu Hinh.)



Once a segregated Negro ghetto fraternity set up by the White Campus Establishment, Alpha Beta Sig is now almost completely integrated . . . with White Protestants. Seated (left to right): Arnold Pure, Jr., Daniel White, Jr., William Anglo, Jr. and Thomas Saxon, Jr. Standing (left to right) Pure Waverly, Jr., White Lockhart, Jr., Anglo McKee-sick, Jr., Saxon American, Jr. and Stokely Brown.

1949 CANDID CAMPUS PHOTOS

CAMPUS LOVE



The hottest (Wow!) spot on campus is Sin Alley, outside the Women's Residence Hall. Here's a shot of a typical bunch of students engaged in all kinds of wild sex like hugging, ear-blowing and heavy handshaking. Hubba-hubba!

A TYPICAL CLASS



Thirty-three Finque students attend typical Lecture class in Pfeffer Hall. Note madcap student at left swallowing a goldfish. Ain't we the craziest generation? Solid, Jackson!

PEP RALLY



Finque students build huge bonfire of boxes and crates in order to encourage football team for big game with State. Note close likeness of State coach Pop Gribbish, who is being hanged in effigy. Go, team, go! Hey-bob-a-ree-bob!

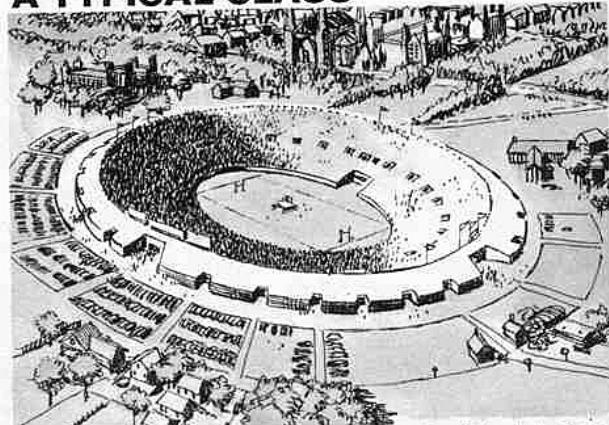
1969 CANDID CAMPUS PHOTOS

CAMPUS LOVE



Only a generation ago, square Finque students would hang around Sin Alley behind the Women's Residence Hall and engage in silly necking. Today, as you can see by this photo, the Women's Residence Hall is a serious Family Center where students of all sexes live together and raise children together and sometimes even get married.

A TYPICAL CLASS



Thirty-three thousand Finque students attend typical class in Pfeffer Football Stadium. This is a Discussion group. Lecture groups meet Tuesdays and Fridays in Grand Canyon.

PEP RALLY

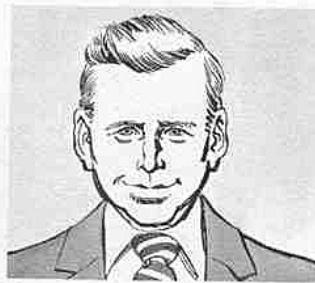


Finque students build huge bonfire of Chemistry building and Gym in order to encourage Board of Trustees to banish military recruiters from the campus. Note close likeness of Army Recruiting Sgt. Buck Chicken, who is being hanged in effigy. Hey, come to think of it, that is Sgt. Chicken!

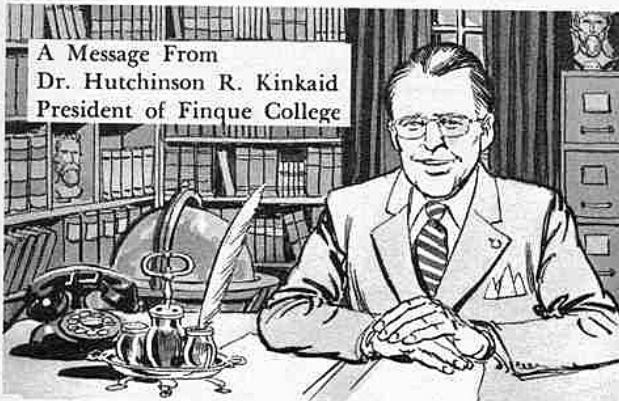
1949 CLASS FAREWELLS

ALMA MATER

By Herbert Flotts
President of
the Senior Class



*The campus grass is green and verdant
As the sun begins to sink;
With heavy heart and laden step I
Say farewell to dear old Finque.
I'll miss your ivy-covered buildings
And your profs who made me think;
And though a wondrous world awaits me,
I will not forget you, Finque.
Should someone from another college
Ever join me for a drink
And boast of his dear Alma Mater,
I'll not flinch and I'll not blink;
I'll stare him down and say quite proudly:
"You're a Harvard . . . ?
I'M A FINQUE!"*



To the Class of 1949:

Your years at Finque College will soon be over. And they were four wonderful years, I am sure. But you must not look backward at the years behind you. You must look forward to the years ahead of you. For to go backward at a time in your life when you should be going forward is like starting a book at its end and reading toward its beginning which, in essence, has already begun long before you end it.

And so, just as you cannot begin a book at its end and end it at its beginning, so you must begin your life at its beginning and end your life at its end (and vice versa for all you Israeli Exchange Students!). Good luck and God bless you all.

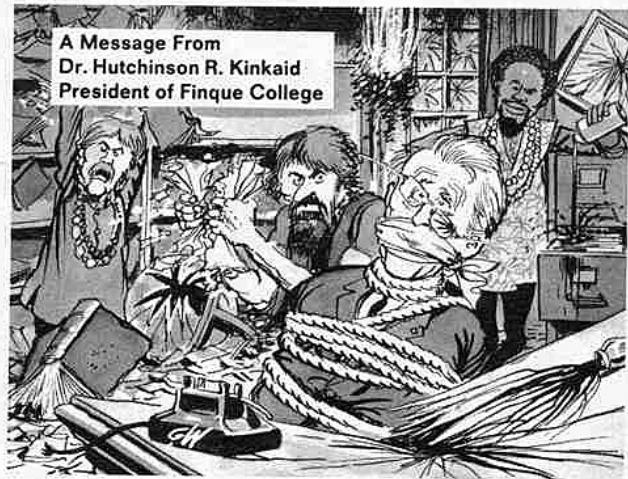
1969 CLASS FAREWELLS

ALMA MATER

By Ravi Ravnick
Chairman of the Students
of the New Left



*Finque, Finque, Finque,
You quagmire of stultified
Establishmentarianism
Whose grasses were polluted
By the blood-stained boots of the fuzz
When they crushed my fragile body
But spared my brain
So that it could be numbed by
Chaucer and Donne and Darwin
When my heart cried out for Che!
Finque, Finque, Finque,
You offer me a diploma,
A scrolled symbol of oppression,
Printed by the very same men
Whose money-hungry hands
Also printed my Draft Card
On the vile paper processed from trees
Destroyed to make room for super-highways
That led Reagan to Sacramento
And Nixon to Washington?
Well,
shove
it,
Alma
Mater!*



To Anybody:
HELP!!!

Is something bugging you? Well, don't just sit there turning purple with anger and frustration!

**REGISTER YOUR PROTEST!
START AN AVALANCHE!!**

**JOIN THE GREAT
MAIL-IN
WITH
PRE-WRITTEN
"GET
MAD"
POSTCARDS**

**YOU GET 12 OF THEM AS A
FREE FULL-COLOR CUT-OUT BONUS
IN THIS LATEST MAD ANNUAL!**

**SPECIAL
No. 12 60c
ANNUAL**

**THE WORST FROM
MAD**



Including A
FREE
FULL-COLOR
CUT-OUT
BONUS:
12
**"GET
MAD"**
**PICTURE
POSTCARDS**

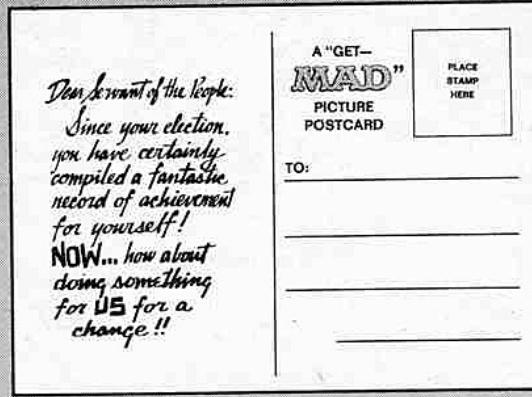
Pre-Written and Ready
for Immediate Mailing

HERE IS JUST ONE EXAMPLE OF THE 12 FREE "GET-MAD POSTCARDS" INCLUDED

Front View



Back View



Side View

**ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS ADDRESS AND MAIL IT TO A DESERVING STATESMAN!
AND YOU GET 11 MORE... PRE-WRITTEN AS BITINGLY AND READY FOR MAILING...
PLUS THE USUAL PILE OF ARTICLES, AD SATIRES AND OTHER GARBAGE... IN**

**THE TWELFTH ANNUAL EDITION OF
THE WORST FROM MAD**

ON SALE NOW AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTANDS... AND EVEN AT THE ONES YOU HATE!

WHAT IS THE
ONE UNHAPPINESS
ALMOST ALL
MODERN PARENTS
ARE SURE TO
SHARE WITH
THEIR CHILDREN?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MAD FOLD-IN

As parents watch their children growing up in this modern, fast-changing world—sharing all of their joys and sorrows—there is one painful episode almost all of them can count on. To discover what this misery is, fold page in as shown:



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

MOST MODERN PARENTS ARE ANXIOUS TO KEEP
A HAPPY RELATIONSHIP WITH THEIR KIDS. BUT IR-
RATIONAL CONFRONTATIONS ARE EVEN SURPRISING
EXPERTS, TAXING BOTH THEIR KNOWLEDGE AND PATIENCE

A ▶

◀ B

A MAD NATIONAL MONUMENT WE'D LIKE TO SEE

“THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SMOKER”

